THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY J. J. GOULD

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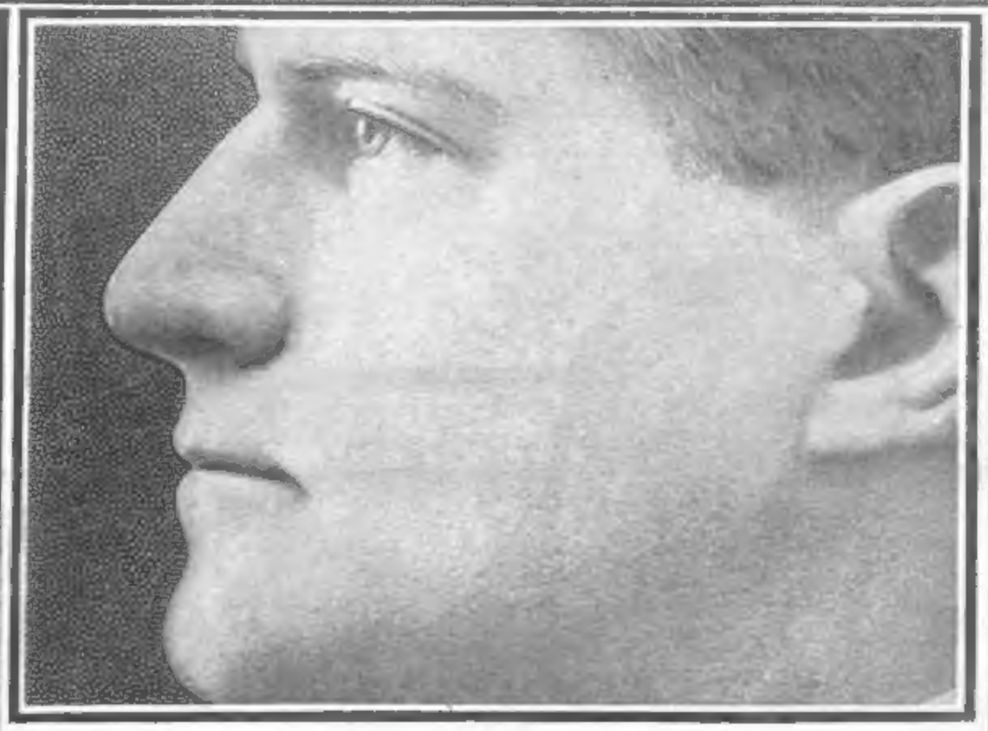

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Americans of To-Day and To-Morrow—By Albert J. Beveridge

The Place and Purpose of the American People

YOUR Scotchman has the genius of pointed and practical wisdom. It was Sir William Hamilton, I think, who declared that comparative history is the best of all instruction and an exercise for accurate thought superior to geometry or logarithms. Take a dozen nations, discover their differences, and we have multitudes of experiments in statecraft as useful to the philosopher of public affairs as the recorded tests of the laboratory are to the man of physical science. Find a common result of national action or atrophy along any line, find universal occurrences repeating themselves continuously, and you arrive at something which scientific thought calls reliable truth.

It is a singular thing (or the expected and natural thing—we may take our choice) that powerful nations have been religious nations; and that the higher their religion the greater their strength and the better uses to which it was put. "All the great ages have been the ages of belief," says our American interpreter of the universe. It is perfectly foolish to put this statement in the converse and to say that the higher a nation's development the better the form of religion its people develop. The fact remains, and we can put one before the other without destroying the essential verity. It is futile for the purposes of this paper to file an historical bill of particulars in support of the above generalization. An entire volume of brilliancy and attractiveness might be written on the historical aspects of religions and nations. But it is matter agreed by those who are variedly read that the best national manifestations of the human mind have been those of people profoundly reverent. "The whole state of man," says Emerson, "is a state of culture; and its flowering and completion may be described as religion or morals." Human thought in the mass, it appears, aspires to the noblest things under the mighty and to this day unexplained influence of ideals; and religion seems to make the very loftiest of all ideals concrete and vital. It establishes a living relationship, as it were, between the thoughts of man and the Unknowable Thought which we feel all around us, and which we condense into the Sacred Name. Thus a people's purposes are given an elevation, fervor and purity best and yet poorly described by that vague, mysterious and awful word, "divine."

Here is no argument that the American People ought to be a religious people as a matter of thrift or prudence, or national longevity or the sordidness of any material reward. We cannot consent to tune our lute to the ring of gold. We cannot consent that the chord we shall strike and the note we shall contribute to the music of human history shall be merely the minor chord of a thick and sodden prosperity. If the American People, as a nation, must be a religious people, the profit of that eternal circumstance must be a very minor incident.

We are agreed that, as a people, we are so superbly circumstanced in the economy and make-up of the world's map and human affairs that we dominate the whole contemporary human situation. In mere puissance of muscle, might of mind—out of the elements of us—springs a natural suzerainty over all human thought and all human activities. Think carefully for a solid hour and you will concede that we ourselves did not create this world-lordship any more than we made the continent which forms our throne with the oceans as its footstool. Perhaps the greatest of all historical thinkers has declared that if a section be chopped out of any age of history and examined by itself it will be found full of contradictions, aimless advances and retreats, affirmations and reverses with no more meaning than the incoherencies of the conversations of the insane and resembling the stampeded and directionless rushings of myriads of ants whose little hill your foot pushes over; but that if you put this piece of history back again and survey it in connection with all that went before and comes after, you can no more deny an intelligent procedure through the ages than you can deny the evidence of the architect's plan as the heaps of indiscriminate material gradually take shape in the rising structure which, before a brick was made, is carefully drafted out on his blue-prints.

What Shall We Do with Our Power?

ALSO, we are agreed that our individual existence (which every mature man realizes is so brief as scarcely to be worth while) and our national on-going (which we fondly hope will project hundreds of years beyond the horizon of our present sight) are both of them very like the eating and sleeping of mere animals if ideals be not at once the inspiration and end of all our efforts. One of these papers was devoted to the ideal of justice as the keystone to general national righteousness. Try this experiment on any company of Americans you choose: Propose the subject of our national superiority and ask what we are going to do about it. The majority will always tell you that we are going to do right about it; we are going to work out good with it. Then ask, "why right?" and "why good?" and "why just?" and any other "why" which imperfectly inquires into the best American aspirations. The answer of the majority of that company will always strike a religious note—which, after all, is the dominant note in American character.

Let one sequester one's self and thus, as thus alone one can, put to himself the question of the whole enigma of our position, power and purpose. In that mental solitude (away from the distorted proportions which one's personal interests give to things immediately around him and where all things are seen in their just relations) all of our indescribably rich and marvelous national gifts and equipment seem foolishness, after all, if they are not for very much better ends than even we can conceive of and do not look to consequences as eternal as they are exalted. And yet all of these rich conceptions of the uses to which our endowment as a people must be put, if we would not be shamed in the eyes of mankind and history, are themselves foolishness unless in doing of this work we act as the apprentices and servants of some Master Craftsman whose large design is not laid before us and would not be understood if it were laid before us.

Perhaps neither this analysis nor any analysis occurs to our scores of American millions—but no matter. The result does occur to them—flows in their blood, throbs in their brain, and is a part of the indrawing of each renewing breath. Thus all of our effort which otherwise would be merely stupid and purposeless becomes vivid and glorious with a certainty that we are executing the plans of the Infinite. The instinct of the divine within us becomes more than instinct—becomes an intelligent if vague conception. And so we find that we Americans are a profoundly religious people. We cannot help it. It springs, like all other fundamental characteristics, out of the elements of our being and our place and antecedents in the history of man.

It is no easy thing to write of religion in national character. The subject is very high and yet all-permeating, and, at the same time, as delicate and sensitive as the ten thousand nerve filaments that shoot through our being. But when we are analyzing the large and controlling elements of American character—(or, put it in the synthetic form and say, when we are drawing the outlines of that mighty form which looms so vastly against the modern skies, to wit, the American)—when we are doing this, how are we to escape dealing with religion? For, does not the church edifice dominate our cities? Do not cathedral spires give character to all our assemblages of commercial architecture? Does not Trinity stand at the head of Wall Street? Or go into the country, and do you not find the places of worship (and hard by them the schoolhouses) giving meaning and aspiration to the whole rural landscape? At the critical hours of American history when the noonday sky was midnight and the atmosphere saturated with murk—where do we find our great American leaders unable by human eyes to see before them? We find them, do we not? on their knees, beseeching Divine guidance and groping for a clasp of the Unseen Hand which would lead them and this people into the light again. The whole winter of the American troops at Valley Forge is an historical panorama of heroism, self-denial and sacrifice. Yet, every noble incident of that season

of doom and dread furnishes but details of the background for the great central picture which the American mind loves to dwell upon—Washington on his knees at Valley Forge. It was Lincoln who in 1864 declared: "God bless the churches, and blessed be God who in this hour giveth us the churches." And Washington, in 1789, immediately after he was made the first President of the Republic, wrote to the bishops of the Methodist Church:

> I trust the people of every denomination will have occasion to be convinced that I shall always strive to prove a faithful and impartial patron of genuine, vital religion. . . . I take in the kindest part the promise you make of presenting your prayers at the throne of grace for me, and that I likewise implore the Divine benediction on yourselves and your religious community.

Let us take no more time with illustrations to prove the existence of the deeply religious in American character. Detailed proof is superfluous that a tree exists when the tree itself stands before you and it is daylight; or that the ocean exists when you are riding on its billowy breast; or that the sun exists when you see it rise and set.

The Practical Aspect of Religion

THOUGH no one is so basely practical as to desire the American People to be a religious people for the strength it gives us in the world's market-place or on the world's battle-field or over the world's high seas; though the meanest mind is still noble enough to concede that the American People should be a religious people, if at all, because of the truth of it; yet its practical results are notable and noteworthy. There is a satisfying stability, a conservative sureness, as well as a fervor of energy and loftiness of purpose, about a religious nation or a religious man. But take away this element of national character and you find a sort of aimlessness of national purpose, a mingled volatility and depression, a sort of gayety of despair.

"You do not appear to me to do things for permanent ends," said a young German to a citizen of a certain other nation notorious for its absence of religion. "Quite true," responded the other, "but think of how much pleasure we get out of life." But pleasure is not the purpose of human existence. Who dare say that we human beings—we men and women—are mere pigs in clover? Yet if the animal pleasures of life be the end of life, explain, philosopher of the material, the difference between the clubman among his cocktails and pigs in their clover? You are not going to get very noble national results out of a people whose gospel is "We eat to live and live to eat." No wonder such a people would be as variable as the track of a fish in the sea or a serpent on a rock.

"I am myself an agnostic, I am very sorry to say," said a keen observer of public men, who particularly admired a certain American statesman, "but I wish with all my heart that ——— (the man he admired) believed in *something*. Some years ago he threw away his faith in God, and soon after followed his faith in man. Since then his public conduct has been astute but with no aim but selfishness, and therefore without any aim at all. He started as a statesman and has developed into a demagogue. His career at first was as sure as a well-laid outline of railway; his career since has been zigzag and meaningless." That public man died many years ago. His memory is already obliterated, although his immense abilities might have impressed themselves upon the whole Nation for as long as a decade, or possibly two, had he any fixedness in his public purposes or centre of gravity in his public conduct. As it was, all came to nothing except bewitching eloquence on the stump (forgotten the next day) and consummate personal craft in transient politics (the memory of which died with its momentary effect).

Let us not get away from Nature. Thoroughness is natural and justice is natural, and so is religion natural. The study of ethnology is the most fascinating as it is the most informing of all studies. Professor Brinton's Lectures on Ethnography is a simple book which it is good to read. But no matter what volume you open on the races of man, the scientist of human development will tell you that he finds religion to be as natural to the human mind as hunger is to the human body, and belief in a higher power quite as essential to the mental vitality of the masses as food is to physical vigor. Most of us have passed through the callow stages of questioning doubt and aggressive disbelief; and then most of us have returned, seeking after the sure hold on the Eternal, which in the gayety and inconsequence of our younger days we so lightly shook off.

Those who are in these foolish stages will exclaim at such statements as are here set out, "What! the American People a Nation of psalm singers! Let us have no canting hypocrisy in our national make-up." Nor would I have it so; but I would have the American People sure and sincere and believing and natural. I would have them instinct with fundamental rectitude. I would have them morally deep-rooted as the mountains and certain as ocean currents, and dependable as the sunrise and punctual in the appointments which destiny has made for them as the returning seasons. And all this moral sureness, certainty and elevation comes only when a Nation's morality is a religious morality. For if morals do not grow out of religion they are nothing but conveniences, like clothing or windows or fireplaces or knives and forks—nothing but rules of prudence, like keeping one's feet dry or staying off the railroad track when the whistle of the approaching engine blows. But put the religious sentiment into this same code of morals and they become a part of your being, like the blood to the body. With practical morals a man will do a certain thing or refrain from doing a certain other thing because the effect is advantageous or the reverse; with religious morals a man will do the same thing or refuse to do another thing because he must—*because it is right*. He has taken definite hold of the hand of some power higher than the God of Gain and Loss. Henceforth his life and career become worth while.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth paper in this series.

Also, henceforth such a man or nation becomes substantial and influential. It is astonishing (or is it?) how all of us in our merchandizing, lawmaking and policy-building are governed and dominated by the great religious thinkers. The politician's skill in corralling votes in precinct and ward is the servant of the great religious ideals whether he knows it or not. Be he ever so industrious or skillful, command he ever so much money or other means by which suffrage is controlled among a free people, he could not to-day get ten votes out of a thousand for a candidate standing on a platform made of planks from Machiavelli's rules of statecraft. His most strenuous efforts would be nerveless, and come to naught in the service of any man, no matter how able, who is believed by the voters to repudiate in practice the fundamental truths taught in the churches.

The most perfect organizer the Celtic race ever produced, one of the great natural leaders of men, and by long odds the most powerful political tactician of the nineteenth century, was Charles Parnell. He was the uncrowned king. Yet his masterful championship of the cause of his people, his high abilities in the service of Ireland, saved him not from his offense against one of the ancient commandments which Moses brought down from the mount. His work, his reputation, his priceless efforts for the potential nation which he hoped to make a real nation seemed a structure of granite built for the eternities. Yet all became as water and sand under the acid of his moral offense.

The country is amused at the platform announced by a New York politician who is said to be a very coarse and brutal and vulgar man. That platform consists of a single sentence: "Lift up the downtrodden." But that statement almost condenses the published purposes of all churches and all religions and all statesmen, and even the Master Himself, does it not? And thus the cunning of the low and base serves the higher powers in spite of itself.

Nature the Great Restorer

NATURE is a great restorer. It has been demonstrated that a river of sufficient volume can take the sewerage of a city like Berlin and so purify it that, forty miles below, the water is fit for human drink. And what medicine is there like the iodine-laden atmosphere of the ocean or the climate of the mountains charged with the ozone which that ancient chemist, Nature, works up in those magnificent laboratories? There must be something in the mental and moral structure of a people which performs the same service. There are ptomaines of the intellect as well as of the flesh; and is it not a commonplace of daily speech to mention moral corruption? Well! there must be a curative movement, a purifying process and element to correct this. I find it in the religious tendencies of peoples. And here again is noted a similarity between Nature and religion in their like medicinal effects. Nature keeps the material universe pure and wholesome, and religion keeps the intellectual and moral universe sweet and generous.

"Seek strength on your knees," wrote a wise woman to a friend in deep need. There is an advantage in keeping clean quite aside from the beatitude of moral cleanliness. Strength, purity, wisdom—these words comprehend the sum of the elementally needful. Yet all men, from philosopher to plowman, from statesman to chemist, have learned that strength and purity and wisdom come from some great fountain of those qualities quite beyond ourselves. The greatest man in American contemporary legislative life—a man of ripe years and the seerlike quality of them—one of the real pillars of the Republic, as Burke would describe him—says the Lord's Prayer every night as a child might. No matter whether he gets his strength or purity or wisdom in that way or not, the fact remains that he is strong and pure and wise. On the contrary, quite the most brilliant and forceful personality that has developed in American politics in the last quarter of a century has already burned out and is one of the "dark stars" circling through the orbit of our political system. "Is there an after life?" asked this man. "No," said he, answering his own question. "God is a myth. Religion is a vague fancy like the grotesque imaginings of childhood." It is not said that this mental attitude had to do with the moral decadence that set in upon this fine character. The fact alone is noted. Where a successful man of affairs is known to be a sincerely religious man the respect which his fellows feel for his abilities is gilded with a sort of brightness. It is not uncommon for the heads of the great twentieth century corporations (which are constantly searching for strong young men to enter their service) to inquire whether a subject of examination is religious or the reverse; and it counts distinctly in his favor if he is the former.

Instances of this kind can be told to you by any man well acquainted with the methods of modern "commercialism"—bad a name as this modern "commercialism" has secured for itself. There is a certain political leader who makes as careful selection of his lieutenants over his State as a general would make in choosing men and officers for a desperate enterprise, and an unvarying inquiry which this "boss" makes concerning new men whom he is gradually working into the "organization" is as to their church standing in their own community. All of which proves that your boss in politics and your promoter in business value the asset of moral qualities and weigh with the fine scales of experienced judgment the religious character of the men with whom they propose to do the work.

The Tribute Vice Pays to Virtue

THE most insincere man of ambition will publicly profess his regard for religion and devotion to ideals. Who has not heard such a one speak before the people with the enthusiasm of well-affected unction? It disgusts us? Yes! But it should not turn us from the virtue and helpful quality of that very thing which the insincere one seeks insincerely to use. Because men use words foully or falsely is no reason why conversation should be prohibited. The bad uses of anything are, after all, a proof and negative measure of the good uses of that same thing. Let not cant, therefore, or the deserved repulsion which the malusing of this all-powerful and all-uplifting quality of human character works in us, destroy our appreciation of its ennobling benefits or prevent us, as individuals or a nation, from cultivating it with simplicity and sincerity. David did many things which he ought not to have done and many things in the doing of which he appears not to have known what he was about; but he knew what he was about when he wrote the Psalms; so did Solomon when he wrote the Proverbs; and so did that Other One when he gave to the world not only our code of daily living but the statutes also of our higher life.

We are not here indulging in individual advice to individuals; we are merely presenting fundamental elements of national character and noting the effect of their operation. A final word will illumine like a burning electric arc at midnight this whole phase of American character in the relation of the Republic with the rest of the world. That word is this: Nations that are sturdily religious command the respect of every one of us more than those with whose name we associate absence of faith. Compare England and Germany, on the one hand, with France and China on the other hand. It is not said that France is irreligious or weak or akin in characteristics to that Oriental chaos we call the Chinese Empire; it is not said that England and Germany are better than Europe's great republic; it is said merely that, rightly or wrongly, we have come to associate the names of England and Germany with a sound and tough religious faith and France with the reverse—and our minds, influenced by this opinion, conceive Germany and England as being stronger, surer, better purposed and more formidable.

Or let us project *ourselves* upon the canvas, and imagine ourselves to be citizens of other nations; and then, standing and looking at ourselves, let us ask ourselves how we should look on the American Republic, viewing it as unsympathetic and critical foreigners, if all our churches were destroyed and all religion extinct among us. Should we regard the United States as strong a power as we should if we beheld it as it is, sown with pulpits and saturated with religious sentiment? The plain answer to these questions will demonstrate the value of these qualities of our national character. We shall thus see how ripe with worth is that regulated faith in and dependence upon the universal power. We shall thus see that without it our unweighable might could work destruction in human affairs like the undirected and resistless folly of an unmoral giant. And so we come to the consciousness that out of our situation and the elements of our being, as was stated in the beginning of this paper, arises the necessity for and, therefore, the presence of, the religious element in American character.

This Republic is no vagrant nation. The American People are no aimless marauders. Their banner floats over no pirate craft, portless and doomed. They are no purposeless builders of a meaningless destiny. They obey divine directions and feel that they do. The stars of their Flag are fixed stars. They are doing humanity's work—fulfilling God's mission for them—and they know that they are. There is, in the progress of the American People through history, in their connected and intelligent work in the world and for it, a sure faith, a high stability, a conservatism of righteousness, a permanence and durability of noble achievement. "Glorious deeds and lasting results inspired by glorious faith and purposes enduring as the everlasting hills"—let this be the final word of the gray chronicler of the rise and decline of nations to write, a thousand years from now, when closing the story of the American People, their work and place in

A NON-UNION TOWN

The Adventures that Befell Mr. McCurtin Because of Waterloo's Ignorance of High Finance

By I. K. FRIEDMAN

THE Chicago branch of the American Federation of Labor sent Hugh T. McCurtin on the road to organize new unions. His only instructions were to hustle and to use common-sense, which is perhaps another way of saying that if he could not do things one way he was to do them another; but, one way or the other, he was to get them done.

Hugh was exactly the man for the place. He was young, ambitious, athirst for power and place in the labor world; and, besides, his looks and his bearing were three or four points in his favor. When he drew his tall, thin body up to its full height and twirled his glasses at the end of their cord it was as if Hugh were whirling the intellect of whole generations around his little finger. He could speak fluently and stirringly on any subject, whether he understood it or not, and he had at his command a variety of high-sounding phrases that would fit one occasion as well as another. In town after town he organized every non-union man whom he could trace, trail or discover; he had barbers applying lather, butchers cutting meat, carpenters nailing boards according to union rules, and everywhere he left behind him an eloquent phrase or two to enrich the vocabulary of rural labor.

His organizing expedition sailed along, as he expressed it in one of his letters, as smoothly as a ship on still waters until he struck a town called Waterloo—ominous name!—and there the ship foundered in a sudden storm and poor Hugh all but went down in the wreck. Waterloo, for a town that numbered something like twenty-five hundred inhabitants, was strangely provincial and peculiarly separated from what is termed the centres of civilization, although one of the railroads was pushing a branch thither slowly and hesitatingly.

It was about five in the afternoon when McCurtin, travel-worn, dusty and tired, reached Waterloo, and he decided to delay operations until the morning in order that he might begin fresh and early. Meanwhile he put up at the Waterloo House, the poorer hotel of the two in town, as luck would have it, and he wondered what he should do to while away the time. He read the newspapers, wrote a letter asking for a check, smoked a cigar, yawned and kept looking at the clock over the clerk's desk to convince himself that time was not standing still. Once, as his eyes turned toward the fly-blown dial, he caught sight of a pretty, fresh face, surmounted by a wealth of blond hair, looking at him with rather quick and shy glances. He strolled up to the railing of the desk to ask for a match and a postage-stamp (he had plenty of both in his pockets), and, the young lady smilingly furnishing these, he remained behind in an earnest and prolonged conversation about the weather. He had never believed the topic capable of such infinite variation. Before the dinner bell rang McCurtin knew that the young woman's name was Paulina Rosenkranz and she knew that his was Hugh T. McCurtin—a bit of information which Paulina had gleaned from the hotel register several minutes in advance of his divulgence of it.

When dinner was over (it struck McCurtin that it was over about the time it began) he caught sight of Paulina slipping into the street, her blond head and her round, pink face made still prettier by the glow of contrast showered down from the cluster of scarlet poppies in her hat. She paused at the door and looked toward him shyly and indirectly as if to say, "Pray, don't follow me;" but he disregarded the prayer and sped after her.

When she recovered from her pretended astonishment they walked down to the river to look at the town's two places of historic interest—in one spot four Indians had killed two white men, and in the other, two white men had killed four Indians. Naturally, the conversation turned to historic novels. Paulina had read several of them, which may lead you to conclude that Waterloo was not quite so provincial as I would have you suppose, and McCurtin, who had never read any of them, thought Paulina cultured, entertaining, and superior to city girls, while Paulina, who was impressed by Hugh's clothes and glasses, his eloquence and his easy manner, thought him superior to country boys. But when McCurtin answered directly to her roundabout questioning that he was an organizer by profession, the climax of favorable impressions was capped. To Paulina the word organizer meant the same as promoter, and she made no manner of doubt that McCurtin had millions at his command; and guessing the process of reasoning that was going on in her mind, he took no pains to transplant a blissful ignorance with painful knowledge.

It was after ten o'clock when the pair started toward home, each within every twenty minutes of the last hour having advanced ten points in the estimation of the other. At eleven, when they reached town, the affair looked serious. McCurtin was making straight for the hotel on Main Street, when Paulina stopped suddenly in front of a cigar store. He looked up and caught the name of B. Rosenkranz in large gilt letters on the signboard.

"I thought you lived in the hotel?" he said.

"I live over the cigar store with my parents—rather with my father; my mother is dead," she replied.

II

EARLY the next morning, after a few minutes' chat with Paulina, McCurtin started out on his task. He was eager to see what manner of man Paulina's father was and he dropped into the store to purchase a cigar and to talk unionism, thereby trying to kill two birds with one stone—the two birds nearly killed him, he said afterward. The usual amenities concerning the weather and business were passed and then McCurtin put his one important question, "Do you belong to the union?"

"Oh I berlongs to de union!" shouted Rosenkranz, a rotund little German. Then he laughed. "Ve all berlongs to der union, mein frient."

"Is that so; I'm glad to hear that!" beamed the organizer. "To what union do you belong?"

"To der union von der United States von Amerika."

McCurtin burst out laughing, and the little German, his face growing serious, looked at the organizer in a way that plainly said he was inquiring into his sanity.

At this point McCurtin started his eulogy on unionism; it bettered the life of the laborer in every respect; it raised wages; it shortened hours; it——

"You shtop right dere," bawled Rosenkranz; "I vork for meinself! Shall I raise mein own wages und shorten mein own hours? You vas von ob dese fellers vat vants ter raise trouble mit me und have me strike meinself against. You get right avay out from here."

"The start doesn't look very promising," muttered McCurtin, half a mind to laugh, half a mind to curse as he started across the street toward the barber shop of Abel Hallett. He was merely following his tried plan of extending patronage with one hand and the propaganda of unionism with the other.

"Do you belong to the union?" asked he of Abel when that artist had his face thoroughly lathered.

The barber, setting his face stoically, gave no reply.

"Do you belong to the union, I say?" repeated the organizer.

"Look here," answered Abel solemnly, feeling the edge of his razor, "three drummers tried to catch me on trick questions last week, and I don't play fool again, not me."

McCurtin started to explain; the barber cut his explanations short.

"It's no trick; it's no joke," he insisted; "I'm serious."

Abel Hallett lost his temper. "You dudes from the city are altogether too smart!" he exclaimed.

"And you country bumpkins are altogether too stupid!" retorted McCurtin.

"Stupid, are we!" screamed Abel, his long, sallow face turning red with rage as he untied the apron and flung the door open with what seemed one and the same jerk. "Well, you get out of this shop just as quick as you can."

"I had better wash the lather off first," objected McCurtin quietly, wishing to avoid anything like fisticuffs.

"You had better not! You get out just as you are! Be quick!"

McCurtin tore through Main Street and into his hotel, a laughing-stock for the natives, who had crowded around the barber-shop to learn the source of the trouble. Abel Hallett, gesticulating with his razor, explained.

"Dis same feller vas around by me," laughed Rosenkranz; "he vas von his head out, I bet."

Meanwhile the organizer slipped up the stairs of the hotel, down the hall and toward his room. Paulina was approaching him, a duster in her hand. "Some more good luck," he growled under his breath.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, throwing her duster on the floor, her hands in the air, "what has happened?"

"The barber and I had a quarrel, and——"

She darted away laughing so heartily that the frames of the frail hotel shook with her merriment.

"That settles us," grumbled the object of her laughter; "she's as silly as the others."

He washed his face and sat down to allow his heated feelings to cool off whilst he indulged in some bitter reflections. It was a bad town at the very best, unimportant to insignificance, and scarcely worth organizing, anyway. He would take the next train out of it. He looked at his watch. There was still time to drive to the railway junction and make the next train for home. But—well, after all, it was very natural that Paulina should have been excited to ridicule by his strange plight. She probably meant nothing by it. He might as well stay over until the following morning and enjoy the evening's walk and conversation with her. He had worked hard and conscientiously since he left headquarters in Chicago and he was entitled to a night or two of innocent enjoyment.

He sauntered carelessly out of doors and walked along Main Street in apparent ignorance of the inquiring glances shot at him from all directions. He followed the street to its end, by no means a long way, and before he took time to consider where he was he found himself in the open country. The scenery, beautiful enough in its unobtrusive way, made no appeal to McCurtin's aesthetic sense—he was entirely without it—and his thoughts, much to his astonishment, kept reverting to Paulina. Her image was so persistent that it annoyed him, and he shook his head as if he would shake her smiling blond face out of all consideration. "I'm afraid that——" and he laughed, not even phrasing the subject of which he stood in fear.

McCurtin paused in his walk to observe some ten or fifteen men working with might and main on the construction of the various parts of a house. The force of habit is the great enemy to indifference, and before many minutes had passed McCurtin was lending a willing ear to the pleading tongue of his one great ambition. He would make the last and final attempt at organizing Waterloo, and the high-sounding phrases of the propaganda leapt to his lips. A white-bearded carpenter, planing lustily at a pine board, was the first object of his attack. Generalities made up their conversation before McCurtin asked:

"How much do they pay you fellows down this way?"

"One dollar and seventy-five cents a day," answered the old mechanic in a way that demanded his listener's surprise at the size of the wage.

"WE DON'T WANT NO LETTERS"

"As much as all that?" exclaimed McCurtin sarcastically.

"It's the solemn truth I'm telling," replied the carpenter quite seriously, "but we take part of it out in trade at Mr. Hutchins' store. It is his house we're building."

"Others get paid as well as you, perhaps—the masons, plumbers and plasterers?"

"Oh, yes," answered the old man, again missing the point; "everybody gets fine pay down this way."

"Working ten hours, too, I presume," Hugh went on, his irony turned to anger at this rural self-satisfaction equal to stupidity.

"Oh, yes, ten, eleven, twelve hours, according to the weather; some days more and some days less; we ain't particular about that."

Several of the others, leaving their work, joined the group to catch the question at issue.

"Why don't you work nights, too, when the moon is shining, and refuse to take pay for overtime?"

Finally the carpenter understood that McCurtin was making game of him, and drawing himself up to his full height, and plucking at his gray beard, he remarked coolly:

"I see you're one of them fresh city chaps."

"What's it your business, anyway, stranger, what we're gettin'?" put in a plasterer, lifting his short-stemmed clay pipe out of his mouth and spitting to emphasize his remarks.

"See here," shouted McCurtin, more and more angered at their lethargy, "you fellows are clean off all sensible reckoning; you can just as well make from three-fifty to four dollars a day as not and only work eight hours at that."

"And what will we do with the rest of the day?" asked a painter.

"And who's going to give us the four dollars? Explain that!" interjected a plasterer.

"All you need to do, my friends," shouted McCurtin enthusiastically, "is to join one of the Federated unions. Now, I'm an organizer, and——"

A short, thick-set mason, all muscle and bone, doubled his brawny fist and pushed toward the speaker.

"I want you to shut up your mouth!" he yelled. "I know you; you're one of them fellers from Cedarville, and you want us fellers to strike so you kin step in and get our jobs. Now you clear out!"

"Not at all," thundered McCurtin indignantly; "read this letter and this card; they explain——"

"We don't want no letters and no cards." And the mason pushed his huge fist in dangerous proximity to McCurtin's retreating nose.

"That's right; Bob's right!" yelled the others in threatening unison. "Clear out!"

McCurtin retreated a few steps as quickly as he could with becoming dignity and due safety. The mechanics stooped for a hasty gathering of sticks and stones, and the muscular mason was giving his stout arm a backward swing to hurl a brick forward. There was a time for everything, and this was no time for a deliberate lecture on the benefits of unionism. McCurtin took to his heels. A heavy shower of missiles stirred the dust around his slim, tall form, and a stone and a stick, unluckily leaving the dust undisturbed, crashed against his shins. A brick grazed along his cheek, and, loth to leave it untouched, took part of his skin with it.

He heard the mason's loud guffaw. "It was me that hit him. If I only had one more shy at him he wouldn't try to talk us out of our jobs for a long time to come."

It was an hour later when McCurtin, limping, bleeding, covered with dust and dirt, dragged himself into the soothing quiet and the seclusion of his room, thankful that Paulina did not chance to espy him in this second quandary.

III

PAULINA had slipped out of the hotel a few minutes before the distraught organizer had slipped into it. She wished to steal a quarter of an hour's conversation with her father concerning the wealthy promoter; for Rosenkranz, together with some other important and prominent citizens of Waterloo, was interested in the manufacture of a steam automobile—an invention which promised, according to the prospectus, to make millions without end provided the owners could but get together the tenth part of one million wherewith to make the invention go. Paulina judged that Hugh T. McCurtin, Esq., organizer, had at least that much.

Rosenkranz became so excited on hearing the word promoter, which Paulina preferred to use instead of organizer, that he tarried for neither a description of the man nor for any other trivial details, but without even waiting to put on his hat he dashed across the street to tell the wonderful news to the barber, who was another director of the company. Then the cigar-maker and the barber parted company to gather the other eight important citizens who made up the directorate of the Waterloo Manufacturing and Improved Steam Automobile Company (the title was the grocer's), and before two o'clock of this same afternoon had come, ten grave seniors, arrayed in their best clothes, spick, span and shaven (the barber, to begin with, had been enriched by over a dollar), marched toward the hotel on a street that was paved with the glittering gold of their excited imaginations.

There had been some difficulty in deciding the disputed point of spokesmanship, the editor of the Clarion being the first choice, but the editor of the Eagle threatened to resign his office in disgust and to denounce the Company in his influential organ if that injustice were insisted upon. Finally Mr. Parker, the druggist, was selected, his chief recommendation being that he understood Latin, and there was no overestimating the value of a dead language should a living and unexpected difficulty present itself. Rosenkranz was angered by the choice, deeming it, with more or less reason, a slight upon his commercial supremacy; for his contribution to the treasury of the Company was twice as great as that of any of the other directors. At first the fat cigar-maker threatened

FOUR INDIANS HAD KILLED TWO WHITE MEN

to resign, but he was pacified by the promise of the position of prompter to Mr. Parker should that worthy stumble or fail in his task; but Rosenkranz still preserved a sulky exterior, as became a man who deemed himself slighted by his financial inferiors.

"Not that I cares to sbeak," he explained to the barber, "not at all; it vas simbly de brincible. Money should talk, vas it not?"

The barber agreed that it should, and Rosenkranz feeling a little the better for at least having been agreed with, the procession moved on.

McCurtin, who happened to be sitting at the window, his attention being divided between the nursing of his wounds and the cursing of the mechanics responsible for them, turned pale as he caught sight of the ten local dignitaries in solemn and formal march. He had read something and heard still more of vigilance committees and their rough-and-ready manner of dealing with objectionable characters. However, there was a chance or two that his first conclusion was mistaken—they might be going to a funeral or to a wedding. He breathed easier. The ten turned into the hotel. His breath grew scant again. There was no doubt about it; the ten were to attend a funeral—his own!

He looked at his grip and then looked out of the window to the ground; the distance was no less than twenty-five feet, and the last foot was marked by the only bit of stone pavement on the street. No, he would not risk the jump; he preferred to remain where he was and to take fighting chances. He opened his grip and slipped his revolver into his trousers pocket. He had kept the weapon for some unusual emergency, and this was about as unusual as any emergency could be.

Some one tapped at the door, a trifle more vigorously than any necessity demanded.

"Come in!" shouted McCurtin, his voice assuming an indifference which he wished his heart might have felt. He braced himself against the wall and let his right hand rest on the bulging hip-pocket.

Paulina entered all smiles, unless one, purposely impolite, were to say all giggles. The hypocrisy of all humanity threw McCurtin into a fever of cynicism. This guileless country girl, smiling, pretending love and friendship, was as wily as her sophisticated urban sister. If Heaven helped him out of this awful scrape he would show his gratitude by remaining single for the rest of his days.

"Gracious!" exclaimed Paulina suddenly, "what's that mark on your cheek? It's raw and bleeding!"

"Nothing," he muttered angrily, keeping a sharp lookout over his shoulder for surprises. "Nothing: I fell down." The pretended sincerity of her concern filled him with disgust.

"You don't seem to be having very fortunate experiences in Waterloo," she smiled. "This morning you came in with one side of your face all covered with soap and this afternoon you return with the other side all covered with blood." Her outburst of laughter played havoc with McCurtin's overwrought nerves.

"Come," he said savagely, his eyes still focused over her shoulders, "what do you want?"

"Don't be cross," she smiled, wondering if he, like Hamlet, were ever on the lookout for a ghost. "You ought to be flattered; the ten most important citizens of Waterloo are downstairs, come to pay you a visit."

"Show them up," he roared at the top of his voice, resolved to let the committee below know that they had no coward wherewith to deal. The roar of the lion did impress its hearers, but quite otherwise than the lion, in strange ignorance of the situation, had supposed.

"Dot feller hav a voice like a cannon on de forth von July," whispered Rosenkranz to Abel Hallett. "Parker be lost mit his Latin; he better let me sbeak, eh?"

The barber was arguing on the inherent value of the quality of Latinity when exposed to such a quantity of noise, just as Paulina returned to say that the promoter was in waiting. There was a fretful arranging of ties, a nervous fingering of collars, a preliminary hemming and hawing, and then twenty shoes pressed their heavy weight on the squeaking hotel stairs. Rosenkranz wormed his way to the front and the barber hastened to his side in the vain hope of convincing the cigar-maker that his proper place was somewhere near the rear.

Every one of the little noises on the stair sent a shudder, disproportionately great, through the heart of McCurtin, standing on guard, his revolver half out of his pocket and the half within it constantly decreasing to a quarter.

The angular barber and the rotund cigar-maker were the first two to cross the threshold. McCurtin resolved to die hard and he fumbled with the trigger of his weapon, hid behind the long tail of his coat.

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed Rosenkranz, seeking shelter behind the others as best he could.

"It's all up with the Company," moaned the barber.

"Well, gentlemen, step right in; don't be afraid," yelled the organizer, his voice rising higher and higher as his courage fell lower and lower.

They pushed forward. Rosenkranz mopped his brow with his handkerchief, quailing before McCurtin's stern glances, glad, after all, that the responsibility of spokesmanship had devolved upon Parker. The barber dropped into his chair.

"I made a little mistake this morning," began Abel Hallett apologetically, "for which I am more than sorry."

McCurtin looked daggers at the "Tonsorial Artist" (it was thus Abel styled himself), wondering whether the knave would spring at his throat.

"Und I means nothings vat I say dis morning; it vas a shoke; I love a shoke like a gut cigar," was what Rosenkranz set down in extenuation.

McCurtin smiled sarcastically as if to warn the German that fine words would not disarm his vigilance, and then he thundered, as if to extend the same warning to each and all:

"Well, gentlemen, what is it you want of me?"

Parker began a preliminary clearing of his throat, frightened into speechlessness by McCurtin's roar. Now it was coming! McCurtin braced himself against the wall as tightly as he could press, grasping the revolver handle, still hid behind his back, firmly.

"Well, you see"—Parker was started at last—"you see, we gentlemen are interested monetarily, so to speak, in the manufacture of a mechanical device that approaches, in an inexpensive and practical manner, the principle of *perpetuum mobile*."

"In other words, a steam automobile," interrupted the editor of the Clarion, who had been studying the puzzled expression on the face of McCurtin and who feared lest the druggist's Latin be Greek to the promoter.

"Which is the English of it," went on the druggist triumphantly. "And we thought that we might possibly enlist your financial sympathy, since you occupy the important situation of promoter in the financial world. *Pecunia omnia vincit.* Do you follow?"

"Part ways," answered McCurtin, breathing easier and relaxing his uncomfortable position and the tight hold on his revolver. "I follow part ways." He caught sight of Paulina's smiling face in the hallway and the light dawned—by its flash he was able to put two and two together, recalling now that she had said something or the other about her father's interest in some manufacturing scheme. He dropped the position of one defending one's life to assume that of one defending one's millions. Patiently he heard Parker to the end of his verbose and pompous speech. At last, when the druggist had done with his bad Latin and worse English, McCurtin nodded his head sagely and said, as if profound thoughts were shaping themselves in a massive brain:

"Well, gentlemen, let me have your prospectus and I will look over it during my leisure." It was pleasant to play the part of a speculating millionaire after having been forced to play the part of a refugee on the defensive.

"I've got it right here," answered the canny Parker, drawing one roll of foolscap after the other out of his capacious pockets.

"I'll look it over as soon as I can possibly spare the time," said Hugh T. McCurtin, Esq., drawing himself up with dignity, "and I'll give you my answer as soon as I reach a conclusion."

"I hope," said the barber, "that no offense was taken at this—little—little——"

"Oh, no, not at all," interrupted Hugh kindly, whirling his glasses at the end of his cord.

"Come round and schmoke a cigar mit me," put in Rosenkranz cordially.

"If time permits; if time permits," smiled the condescending organizer.

An idea seized him like an inspiration as he was talking to Rosenkranz. He would accomplish his purpose; he would return home with that stubborn town unionized, after all. The first condition of his promoting the Waterloo Manufacturing and Improved Steam Automobile Company should be the unionizing of its shops; after that the promoting might take care of itself.

"By the way, gentlemen," he asked, his eagerness betraying itself, "are your shops unionized?"

"Well, you see, Mr.—Mr. McCurtin," began the learned Parker cautiously, "we have merely selected the site of the factory as yet—*Tempus omnia vel*——"

"But you intend to unionize them?" interrupted McCurtin.

"It is scarcely necessary here; the mechanics of Waterloo are satisfied as——"

"But the shops must be unionized!" shouted Hugh, slapping his hand down flat on the table.

Martin Peck, the grocer, interposed a violent objection. He had lived in one of the larger cities before he came to Waterloo, and it was his experience that union labor was more expensive and far more troublesome.

"Either you unionize your shops," cried McCurtin, anger mastering his judgment, "or I refuse to lend your enterprise my financial assistance."

Martin Peck was a great lover of an argument and he refused to be silenced by the nudges, winks and nods of the nine other more judicial directors; for, as he explained afterward, what was right was right, and principle was more than lucre, and the winning of an argument was as important as the success of an enterprise.

"But what's the object of unionizing the shops," queried Martin, "when it only increases the expenses and——"

"To help the unions!" declared McCurtin.

"But why should we care for the unions?"

"On the welfare of labor depends the condition of the commonwealth," sang out McCurtin, gazing around triumphantly as if that settled all controversy.

The other nine nodded affirmatively, anxious to show that they were willing to agree with him. Peck began to prime his counter-charge, but the other directors, more tactful if less sincere, started to leave, and the grocer was dragged along despite himself.

"Dot's funny about dem unions, eh!" said Rosenkranz to the barber as they were passing down the stairs. "Von de unions und de unions he sbeaks all de time."

"All these millionaires have their hobbies," explained Abel Hallett; "they can afford it, you know."

IV

IMMEDIATELY after the departure of the directorate McCurtin sought out Paulina downstairs. "I've changed my mind," he said smilingly. "I've decided to prolong my stay three or four days."

"Good!" she exclaimed, not attempting to conceal her delight.

"Yes," went on Hugh, "I want to investigate this automobile business; it may be possible that I shall invest in it."

He dropped the question of finance as soon as good policy made it possible; for he hated to deceive Paulina, and he passed from business to romance with:

"Supposing we go for another walk to-night?"

"I'll be ever so glad to go," she assented; "my work will be done at about eight and we can start then."

The organizer returned to his room, lit a cigar and indulged himself in all the delights of the imagination, due to one who had been taken for a vulgar impostor in the morning and treated like a genuine plutocrat in the afternoon. When the course of love and business ran smooth it was certainly a most beautiful world!

His cigar was slowly burning to a stub and his dreams were mounting heavenward with greater and wilder speed on the fragrant and insubstantial ladder of its smoke, when he was suddenly called to a world of realities by loud shouts on the street. He threw the window wide open and pushed his head far out that he might hear distinctly.

"Evening Clarion! Extree! Extree! All about the great success of the Waterloo Automobile Company! Extree! Extree! The Eagle! Full account of Waterloo's great factory!"

McCurtin made sure of those shouts in the first place, of his ears in the second, then he closed the window with a bang, and he ran down the stairs in quest of an Eagle and a Clarion. He bumped squarely into Paulina, who was ascending with a speed equaled only by that of his descent. She screamed and laughed in the same breath, and handing him the two papers, bounded away without a word of explanation.

The organizer whistled and read, and read and whistled his way through the two accounts of the rival journals, replete with wildly exaggerated statements.

"Hugh T. McCurtin, a Chicago millionaire, becomes interested in Waterloo's steam automobile," read the Eagle's headline, which was capped by the Clarion's "Hugh T. McCurtin, a Chicago multi-millionaire, to invest his fortune in the Waterloo Automobile Company."

"Millionaire is good," said Hugh to himself gravely, making a mental note of his little fortune of forty dollars, all he had in the world, "and multi-millionaire is very good."

To wreck the hope of a whole town and the dream of fortune of three or four thousand people at one fell blow was a thing apt to be attended with serious consequences to the wrecker. The only way to get out of the horrible predicament was to get out of town. Before night the difference between the real and the newspaper estimate of his assets might be discovered, and by morning he might be dangling at the end of a rope. He would go, and go at once! The wonderful enthusiasm of this too trustful town might find vent in threats and punishment before another half-hour had passed.

He began to pack hurriedly, when he reflected that he might better sacrifice his petty belongings than his life, and that to be seen with the one might soon lead to being beheld at the top of a tree without the other.

He looked at his watch; it was now eight o'clock; in twenty minutes, with fair luck and a good team of horses, he might make the railroad junction and catch the next train that ran Chicago-ward. He moved downstairs as quickly and quietly as the creaking boards would permit.

"STEP RIGHT IN; DON'T BE AFRAID"

As Hugh stood on the doorstep of the hotel for a second, preparatory to slipping into the darkness, he became startlingly aware of a large crowd assembled on Main Street, and at the same time with this jarring impression the strains of a brass band reached his ear. Farther off, at the south end of the street, he saw the flickering light of torches and the oblong luminous surfaces of transparencies. It all smacked of politics and campaigns.

A light hand touched Hugh's shoulder. He turned to face the smiling, blushing Paulina. "It's all in your honor," she said, accenting each word with the stress of happiness.

"What is?"

"Why, this torchlight procession. I oughtn't to have told you; the whole thing was to have been a surprise—but I couldn't bear to have you hear it from anybody else first. Besides, I thought it best to give you a few minutes to prepare your speech. I wish you to make me more proud of you than I am."

The flickering lights became more garish, drawing nearer; the band struck up its most inspiring and loudest air, and the marching clubs of Waterloo moved toward the hotel and the conquering hero of finance to the shouts of a proud populace, to the jubilant huzzahs of that part of it interested in the stock of the Waterloo Manufacturing and Steam Automobile Company.

At the head of it came the ten directors, Rosenkranz and Abel Hallett in the lead, all righteously vain of the enterprise with which they were tempting their bird in hand to remain where it was and not to fly away in the bush. Far in the rear was that group of self-satisfied mechanics which the organizer had harangued that very morning with such disastrous results to himself. They were all a little the worse for liquor, having just been paid in money and in kind, and the stalwart mason was finding his stocky legs scarcely strong enough to hold down to earth a body that insisted that its proper place was in Heaven.

The procession reached the hotel; the band became silent—and what an unwilling silence it was! The torches flared eloquently; the transparencies ranged themselves in a voluble line, proclaiming Waterloo's supremacy in commerce, education and art, and McCurtin's victory over Waterloo, with its art, its education and its commerce—especially!

The moment that Waterloo caught sight of its financial Wellington the prolonged shouts of "Speech!" "Speech!" "Speech!" made the welkin ring; for surely when an American assembly wishes its speech the very sky must shake in fear lest the petition be not granted.

It was a moment of intoxicating enthusiasm, and McCurtin was as much affected by the surcharged atmosphere as the reeling mason had been by something less figurative and far stronger. The organizer became lost, forgotten and sunken, for the moment, in the financier. He would play the important part of the promoter and foot the bills, let the cost of the situation run up to whatever figures it might.

He spoke truly and without the slightest degree of exaggeration when he said, in the opening sentence of his oration: "Fellow-citizens, this is indeed the happiest and proudest moment of my life." He went on to pay his respects to commerce, to art, and to education, laying particular stress on the steam engine and the steam automobile as the binding agencies that held one to the other. Here the force of habit—stronger even than the force of steam—asserted itself, and struggle against it as he would he was obliged to commend what steam had done for labor, and more particularly what labor had done for steam. Then, dragged farther and farther along by the irresistible current, he burst into raptures over the unions and unionism.

"Von de unions vonce more; always he sbeaks von de unions," whispered Rosenkranz to the barber, who was nudging him to be still.

A whoop and a roar in the back of the crowd silenced McCurtin's panegyric. There was a craning of curious necks, a hissing of angry lips, and before anybody knew how it happened, or why he did it, the huge mason fought his way through the walls of resisting flesh, pushed his clenched fist under McCurtin's nose and howled:

"I gave you warning to quit that kind of talk this morning, didn't I? Trying to hocus us Waterloo boys out of our jobs for them Cedarville fellows, be you?"

"But——"

And before McCurtin had the chance to advance into the second word of his explanation the mason's doubled fist crashed thrice in formidable succession on the unfortunate organizer's jaw and temple.

The crowd howled and roared angrily, and the front ranks reached a threatening arm for the mason's neck; but the latter, shocked into sobriety by the appalling danger of the moment, suddenly proved as agile with his body as he had been ready with his fists, and he dodged and gave that pursuing arm the slip.

(*Concluded on Page 23*)

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

By ROBERT BARR

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"SHE HAS CAUGHT HIM IN THE ACT," HE SAID GLOOMILY

SOMETIMES an American, or a man from Australia, or a citizen of Canada, wandering about London, happened to leave the main thoroughfare by the narrow street that led to the lane that communicated with the court that contained Pritchard's restaurant, and ever after he looked on that ancient eating-house as a discovery of his own. It was not so much the old-world appearance of the place that attracted him as the legend over the door in quaint lettering, "Rebuilt 1685." "Rebuilt"; as if this were quite a recent improvement and the lunching shop had been in active operation long before, as, indeed, was probably the case. It had doubtless been destroyed by the Great Fire, and the proprietor had taken nineteen years either to accumulate money for its reconstruction, or else had waited to see if the town were going to recover from the calamity that had befallen it.

If the stranger ventured inside he found that it had not been refurnished since that date, either. If he investigated further and ordered lunch, there was every chance that he departed grumbling, for the menu offered little variety. It proved to be a chophouse, and if you wanted a steak or roast beef you had to go elsewhere. Neither could you obtain the almost universal pint of bitter. They would not even send out for beer, as is the custom where no license is carried. You must be content with coffee or go dry; but the coffee was the best in London and an example to much more pretentious palaces of the palate. The coffee was of such excellence that one began to understand the secret of the vogue of the coffee-houses in the time of Addison and the Spectator. No women were allowed in Pritchard's restaurant as guests, although the waiters were girls in rusty black costumes and the proprietor was a woman. It was the custom to cater for men when the place had been rebuilt two hundred odd years ago, and they had kept at it.

Another peculiarity of Pritchard's was the method of payment. No bill was made out by the waiter with an error (accidental, of course) against the customer. The guest paid as he took his leave. "What have you had, sir?" asked the girl. He told her and paid according. It was a relic of a time when people trusted each other rather more than they do in these commercial days.

It is sorrowful to relate that commercialism and cheap tea shops with plate-glass fronts, gilding and poor tea were gradually extinguishing the trade of this two-century-old tavern. Even its most devoted adherents saw that Pritchard's could not long compete against the gaudy palaces on the great streets which were paying dividends of fifteen per cent. Old customers disappeared and new ones did not find their way to the unfrequented court upon which Pritchard's fronted.

On those rare occasions when new patrons did happen upon the place they were more apt than not to go away offended and not return, for they, perhaps, wanted tea, or beef extract, or ale, instead of coffee, and they could not get it. It was in vain that her friends implored Mrs. Pritchard to make some slight concession to modernity. There was no real harm in tea, they said, unless you took it at the new shops. The tea Mrs. Pritchard would provide was sure to be delicious. Then why not send out to the "pub." at the corner for a tankard of beer if a man wanted it? Surely the brewery business was as ancient as the city of London itself.

But Mrs. Pritchard pursed her tight lips a little tighter and shook her comely head. Truth to tell, they were all a little afraid of her, and to their arguments she had one invariable answer: Pritchard's had been kept as it was by her late husband and by his father before him, and so on down the generations until you landed up against the man of 1685 who had had the unexampled enterprise to rebuild; and as the place was kept then so would it be kept now.

Habitués of the tavern wondered that one so young as Mrs. Pritchard should be so set in her ways, but I make no doubt they secretly respected her the more for her firmness. And then, as has been said, the woman's youth may have had something to do with it, for Mrs. Pritchard was in the first flush of her forty-second year, and most of the older frequenters of the chophouse experienced a fatherly feeling toward her. They regretted to see custom falling away, but they were helpless when their wise counsel was ignored.

Mrs. Pritchard was a woman of quiet, if severe, dignity. She rarely honored the dining-room with her presence, giving her main attention, as a careful housewife should, to a most intelligent supervision of the *chef* at the grill or the maid whose important duty it was to preside over the brewing of the coffee. She invariably wore a black silk gown, savoring of the older fashion, and over that a rather natty black satin apron. At the further end of the dining-room from the entrance was a glass door which gave admittance to a little room that was part office, part back parlor; and here the hostess was usually to be found if a guest desired to make complaint about anything, which no one within the memory of man had ever ventured to do.

There was a very white muslin curtain drawn across the lower part of the glass in the door, and over this the watchful eyes—and very fine, luminous eyes they were accounted to be—might be seen now and then regarding the dining-room with anxious solicitude. Seldom did any of the guests see more of their hostess than her face at the window; but when Mrs. Pritchard emerged from her little back parlor it was felt instinctively by all present that something was wrong. Thus her infrequent advent had all the effect of a thrilling incident bordering on scandal. The occasion before last when this had happened was several years ago, and the event was long spoken of with bated breath by the regulars, as if it had been a severe financial crisis in the city.

What happened was this. During luncheon time Mrs. Pritchard quietly opened the door that led into the dining-room and, with the slow majesty of carriage characteristic with her, walked down the long length to the entrance, where, without a word, she received from the girl who stood there the bag into which the takings of the day were thrown as the customers paid. Most of those present were old friends of the establishment who knew as well as she did what their contribution was to be, and they tossed the exact amount into the bag without question and answer regarding the amount they had consumed. These tributes the woman acknowledged with a slight inclination of the head.

"WELL, MRS. PRITCHARD," SAID FERRARS GRUFFLY

One young man, who was a comparative newcomer, airily flung a shilling, which Mrs. Pritchard very deftly caught before it fell into the bag.

"What have you had, sir?" she asked in a very low voice.

"A chop and a cup of coffee," was the answer, a chop being ninepence and coffee threepence. She handed him back the shilling and, without raising her voice, said:

"You must not come here again."

The young man should have been warned by the firmness of the tone; but he was apparently misled by its mildness and thought this a moment for expostulation rather than for departure.

"What's all this?" he cried loudly. "Do you mean to insinuate that I have had more?"

Before the woman could reply, a half, at least, of those present were on their feet; but old John Ferrars was more active than any one of them. He grasped his stick by the middle, his ruddy face crimson with rage, his white hair bristling, and was towering over the frightened clerk in a moment from the time he sprang from his seat.

"You young scoundrel!" he cried, anger vibrating in his voice, "you have had two chops and three cups of coffee. I will follow you to your office and denounce you to your employer as a thief."

"Pardon me," said the widow calmly, "but you must not interfere with my business, John Ferrars. Sit down again, if you please."

Mr. Ferrars trembled for a moment on the verge of disobedience, his stick evidently quivering for the back of the culprit; but he turned at last and resumed his place at the table, where he had lunched any time this thirty years past.

"Now go," continued the widow to the swindler; and he went rapidly without staying further question. The widow stood at her post for a length of time that rendered successful pursuit impossible, then, without more ado, she relinquished the bag to the girl who usually held it and returned to her back parlor as sedately as she had emerged from it.

Several years elapsed before an incident of this kind occurred again, then consternation was spread over the diminishing group in Pritchard's when the widow dismissed the maid at the door and took her place with the bag at the receipt of custom. Whom did she suspect? The situation was all the more serious in that there were now no newcomers upon whom the eyes of doubt might fall. One by one the guests departed that first day, each casting his quota unchallenged into the black silk bag, receiving the comely widow's courteous acknowledgment in return. Old John Ferrars lingered to the last; then he, too, departed without incident. Some of the more optimistic or more charitable of the boarders said that the position taken by the widow was merely a stroke of economy; that her dwindling business required a curtailing of the service, and that the young woman cashier had been got rid of merely to save her wages; but this theory was scouted by the rest, who quite logically pointed out that the maid was still there, although Mrs. Pritchard held her position at the door.

Guilt is no respecter of persons, and the consciously dishonest must have something of the actor about them if their demeanor does not turn King's evidence against them. Distrust was abroad during that luncheon hour, each looking at his fellow with an expression in his eyes that inquired as plainly as words, "Art thou the man?" In some unaccountable way suspicion at last became concentrated on one whom, it is not too much to say, had hitherto been the most esteemed of the group; a taciturn man given largely to the minding of his own business, and acknowledging curtly, if at all, and with old-fashioned stiffness, any salutations that might be bestowed upon him. And this was no other than respectable old John Ferrars!

John Ferrars hovered somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty, and it was almost universally guessed that he was on the wrong side of it. His hair was white, and his manner had the stately air of a bygone generation. No one knew what his business was, and none dared assume the familiarity of asking. There was, however, in his bearing that subtle effect which betokens a man well-to-do in the world; the indefinable atmosphere of prosperity, and secure prosperity, which does not always surround the well-dressed man. Beyond the recollection of the oldest there he had been an attendant upon the midday festival, coming in exactly as the clock struck one, going to the table that had been long recognized as his, and leaving at ten minutes past two. If toward one o'clock any person sat down at John Ferrars' table, the eyes of the landlady over the white curtain

communicated with one of the girls, and the maid unostentatiously got that person removed to another place. If Mr. Ferrars came in before or after the hour, those present looked at the clock and wondered what was wrong with it.

Yet on the very first day that the widow took up her position at the door, John Ferrars had remained seated at his table until half-past two, as if he were afraid to leave, and next day it was a quarter-past one before he came in, as if he had hovered round the portal afraid to enter. When he did come, he started visibly when he saw Mrs. Pritchard at her post by the door, and he sidled to his usual table, and took his place with an attitude so crestfallen and abject that every one in the room noticed it, and they saw also that the widow's eyes were fixed upon him with an expression half of censure, half of sympathy, and perhaps a touch of old-time liking for the man, a liking now made partly visible in day of trouble, as is the way with women. And, indeed, such conduct as that of John Ferrars' was enough to shake confidence in the Bank itself. One of the guests, watching keenly, fancied he saw more in the widow's look than the others observed, and said in a whisper to his neighbor:

"She suspects the old man, but if she catches him in the very act of cheating there will be no public exposure this time, as there was before."

"I'm not so sure," was whispered back. "It seems incredible that a man of Ferrars' standing would cheat, but you never can tell; you never can tell. Still, the widow's strict on honesty. If she catches him at it she'll expose him. She'll forbid him to come here again, see if she doesn't."

On the third day the climax came. John Ferrars entered the restaurant prompt to the moment, and, looking neither to the right nor the left, strode to his table with a mien of defiance that was not lost on the witnesses. The electricity of expectation pervaded the room; the excited feeling that something dramatic was about to happen. Even the widow seemed cowed by his resolute bearing and for a moment wavered as if about to hand the bag to the maid who usually held it.

The room scarcely breathed. Not a man there but held himself a little straighter when he saw the effect of masculine masterfulness thus boldly asserted, as is, of course, right and proper. Even the cashier maid, instinctively recognizing the momentary weakening of her sex, tiptoed toward her mistress; but the latter gently waved her aside and stood her ground. The room heaved a simultaneous sigh of temporary defeat and turned its eyes on John Ferrars.

The next move lay with him. He ate his chops and drank his coffee with an unconcern much too well assumed to be real. At ten minutes past two he rose, and the tension of the room reached its climax. Striding to the widow, he flung his money into the bag with a motion so swift that if she had intended to intercept it she could not have done so. In the silence all heard the coins jingle as they struck the accumulation deposited before them. Without pausing the fraction of an instant the old man slammed the door behind him with a crash that affected overstrained nerves like the report of a cannon. Was it victory or the bluster of defeat? No one could tell.

The widow gazed for a brief interval at the still quivering door, then she turned to the bag and made a short research among its contents, selected a coin from among the others, handed the bag to the maid and walked steadily to her parlor with face as impassive as that of the Sphinx, although the Sentimental Guest maintained (in a whisper) that there was a trembling of the eyelashes. He surmised it to be a masculine triumph, but the more Material Guest shook his head.

"She has caught him in the act," he said gloomily, "and will warn him off the course if he dares set foot in here to-morrow."

When the last man left the chophouse toward three o'clock he might have seen John Ferrars pacing up and down along the opposite side of the court, hands clasped behind him, head bowed, muttering to himself as he walked. As a big clock in the neighborhood struck three he aroused himself, crossed to the door of the restaurant and went in. One or two servants clearing away looked up in surprise. The room had that banquet-hall-deserted appearance which such an apartment assumes the instant the last guest takes his departure. Over the window of the inner door a red curtain had been drawn, which gave greater seclusion to the inmate than was afforded by the half-size white muslin; but this closing of the eye of the parlor, so to speak, added to the forlornness of the dining-hall.

John Ferrars tapped lightly at the inner door, and as there was no response he had the boldness to lift the ancient latch and enter. An orderly neatness was the keynote of the room. Mrs. Pritchard sat at the oaken table, arms resting on it and her face on her arms. She raised her head as the door opened, and, if there was surprise in her fine eyes when they beheld her visitor, it was veiled by the moisture in them. On the table before her lay the black silk bag unopened, and near by, alone in its golden glory, there glittered a half-sovereign.

"YOU YOUNG SCOUNDREL!" HE CRIED, ANGER VIBRATING IN HIS VOICE

"Well, Mrs. Pritchard," said Ferrars gruffly. He had taken up a position with his back against the door—the attitude of a man who was going to stand no nonsense.

"Well, John Ferrars," echoed the widow in a tone by no means as firm as it might have been. The Sentimental Guest would have been pleased with the relative manner of the two could he have seen them.

"Mrs. Pritchard, madam," continued John Ferrars firmly, clearing his throat for action, "I have called to inform you that your conduct these last three days has been such as to cast a feeling of uneasiness over the room beyond, and it must cease."

"As I have said before, I will allow no interference with my business," replied the widow with more of determination than might have been expected. The Material Guest would have nodded his head in approval. Ferrars braced up his shoulders a little more and spoke harshly.

"But I have come to interfere, madam. To request, madam, and if that fails, to insist, madam."

"I shall have none but honest customers in this house, sir," proclaimed the widow firmly.

"Do you insinuate that I am dishonest, madam?" demanded Ferrars, a deep frown wrinkling his brow.

"John Ferrars, that is almost exactly the question asked by the wretched clerk whom I caught cheating. Honesty, sir, is a straight line, and he who diverges to the right of it is as culpable as he who diverges to the left."

"Nonsense!" said Ferrars uneasily.

"It is not nonsense, but truth. For a long time past I have found in the bag each day sometimes one half-sovereign, sometimes two, and once three of them which could not be accounted for. The maid had changed no gold, and no gold should have been there. For weeks I have suspected you, and to-day I have detected you. Do you deny, John Ferrars, that you have this afternoon slipped in a half-sovereign between the shilling and the sixpence that you really owed me?"

"Nonsense!" reiterated John Ferrars, which showed his vocabulary was deserting him; then he capitulated further by adding the weak platitude, "Surely a man may do what he likes with his own."

"Surely," agreed the widow, quick to seize the abandoned position, "and so may a woman. There is your own," she added, shoving the half-sovereign along the table toward him, "and you may do what you like with it, but not in this eating-house, which is *my* own. I must ask you not to come again."

The Sentimental Guest would have been shocked at the completeness of the widow's victory. All confidence dropped from John Ferrars as an unloosened cloak falls. He seemed to grow ten years older in a second. As the widow gazed at him she almost feared a physical collapse on the part of her uninvited visitor. Her womanly sympathies were instantly aroused, and, rising, she said with the utmost gentleness:

"Won't you take a chair, Mr. Ferrars. I will get you a cup of coffee."

He took the chair but not the coffee, waving her to her seat again with something of his old imperiousness in the gesture. When he spoke his voice was husky with emotion, and the widow sorrowed that she had dismissed him so unkindly.

"Mrs. Pritchard, madam," he began slowly, "I am old enough to be your father, and I ask you to bear with me for that reason if for no other——"

"Sir, you are far from being old," interrupted the widow hastily. "In the mellow prime of life I should call you. See how diligent you are in business, in the city every working day, and other times as well. Many a younger man might take hint of industry from your example."

The old man shook his head.

"Madam, I have no business, nor have I had this last seven years. I am retired and live twelve miles out, at Surbiton, where I have a villa and a competence. I have kept my season ticket on the railway, and come up to London each day that I may eat at your table. This is the only place now left in London where a chop can be rightly cooked or good coffee made."

"But surely your family—your servants——"

"I have no family, and never have had. I may almost say I have no servants. One old woman comes in while I am away and sets the house to rights."

"To rights!" cried the widow aghast. "You poor man, who gets your breakfast and your supper and makes you comfortable?"

This woman had been catering all her life, supplying creature comforts to her fellows. It had been her pride that no one left her house who was not well fed, even though he could not pay, as had sometimes been the case. The yearning of the good provider shone in every line of her kindly countenance as she bent toward the ill-used man and thought of his cold and cheerless breakfasts. Some hint of this he must have caught as he glanced up at her, for he said hurriedly:

"Madam, marry me and come to Surbiton."

She sat back more suddenly than she had leaned forward, gasping:

"But I could not abandon my servants. They depend upon me."

"We will take them with us," cried the old man brightening. "It is only twelve miles out, and it would be a sin to part with that cook."

"But the business after all these years—and it so long established——"

"Madam, the business is leaving you, not but what you were quite right to make no changes or try to compete with those upstart places. But there is another thing that I have known a week but I have not had the courage to tell you, which is, that the County Council resolved a fortnight since that all this part must come down to make way for what they call improvements."

So the widow, a widow no longer, went to Surbiton, and Pritchard's, rebuilt 1685, is being rebuilt 1903.

"HAYSEED" NEW YORK

The Distrust, Timidity, Provincialism and Self-Absorption of the Greatest City of the Country

By David Graham Phillips

LATE in the afternoon of one of New York City's registration days the writer was in a shop in what is known as the "Diamond Back District." As he sat waiting the men from the mansions and palaces were registering, were telling the election clerks the stories of their lives in outline. Perhaps thirty men—merchants, bankers, industrial leaders, lawyers—registered in the forty minutes. Not a single one gave New York City as his birthplace; less than half a dozen were born in New York State. They came from New England, from the West, from the South, a few from abroad; and they had not come to New York until they had reached the age at which a man begins to seek his fortune. If the wives of these men had been there to confess they would have told the same story as to themselves. Further, the few last years have seen rich men, most of them inheritors of wealth, not a few the makers of their own millions, pouring into New York, to live there, from all the towns and small cities of the country. They have come, they are coming, in obedience to the great law of segregation which leads human beings to sort themselves out and move each man toward the men of his own congenial kind.

This incident of registration suggests to what an amazing degree the huge prosperous class in New York City is made up of people bred in rural or semi-rural surroundings. It explains why, in spite of New York's size, its luxury, its pursuit of manners and dress and style, in spite of its undeniable place as a world-capital, it is still in certain striking respects countrified, in some respects the most countrified of great American cities. Scratch its cosmopolitanism anywhere and you find the turnip patch.

The fundamental characteristic of the "country-jake" is his suspicion of harmless strangers with nothing suspicious about them. In this respect New York, although the stranger is the commonplace of its life, is abnormal, is morbid. Instead of welcoming the newcomer with a view to getting from him whatever new ideas he may have, the New Yorker puts up the drawbridge at his approach, calls out the guard and orders all the guns loaded. "I never saw or heard of him or her before" is the alarmed cry—as if that fact did not open up a hope of seeing or hearing something new that was worth while. The stranger is more than suspected. He or she is assumed to be guilty, and only with the greatest reluctance will New York accept proofs of his or her harmlessness. "It isn't that we're snobs," said a woman at Newport. "It's simply that we're so afraid of new people."

"But why?"

"Oh, I don't know. They're so—so—so—well, uncomfortable."

The Social Thimblerigger

THIS timid nervousness applies, as in the country, only to strangers who are really all right. Let a stranger, especially a man, be more or less wrong, but let him be determined to push his way and work his little thimblerigging game, and if he have audacity and the capacity to make a front in dress and manners, there will be few houses indeed in New York that will not be open to him in a very short time. New York will welcome the stranger, whether from foreign parts or from inland America, who comes with "Do or you will be done" as his motto. It suspects the shy. It flies from the timid. It yields meekly to the bold.

The New Yorkers who have the leisure, money and inclination to make a study of the fashionable way of getting through life are often baited by the newspapers for taking up without investigation titled foreigners who come here "grafting." And beyond question they do. But it is overlooked that they take up just as many "grafters" and "beats" and "con" men from among their own countrymen. The only reason they are not preyed upon more is because there are not many "grafters" who have the craft or the ignorant impudence to brush past the appearances of exclusiveness and aristocratic reserve. Not long ago a young man who came from nobody knew where and lived nobody knew how, pushed his way so far into what is popularly supposed to be a most exclusive set that he was able to engage himself to a young woman of a very rich family that is actually, as well as by repute, as pitifully snobbish as any in America. And he would have married her had it not been for his own colossal folly—the marriage did not fail because her family became suspicious. From the outset they had had good reason to know that he wasn't quite right. Uptown and down, with all classes of people, fakirs and charlatans of all kinds do well, as well as the street-corner patent-medicine man of the small town. They find under the coating of sophistication the simple, guileless rural heart yearning to be humbugged. And it is not the very clever fakir who rakes in the dollars and gets himself liked and trusted. It is he who works some good old-established, long-tried and much-exposed-in-the-newspapers kind of "confidence." The too-smart fakir is thrown out summarily, for New York is too "smart" to be caught by the "too smart."

Everybody in New York is Lonely

THE fact is New York, in its prosperous sections, is like an aggregation of farmers. There is no more real society than there is in rural North Dakota. Each individual or family-group lives alone, with his or its nearest neighbor not within shouting distance. There is nothing in common, once the surface is passed, and, busy or idle, all lead isolated lives. The newcomer to New York thinks he will presently have friends, that his loneliness will pass. But after many years he finds himself more alone than when he started. For at first he was probably not so prosperous, and had friends among the young fellows making the start like himself and longing for friendship and companionship. And these he lost as his farm expanded and pushed his neighbors farther and farther away.

With increasing prosperity New York life becomes even narrower than rural life; for it is not only narrow mentally but also physically. As in the country, conversation and thought tend to contract to the petty details of the neighborhood life. If you go about in New York society you find that it is made up of scores of small cliques, each thinking of little outside its own circle. In any one set you hear just such talk as you would hear at a crossroads or small town sociable. Not the larger aspects of life, not the things that make for deeper and broader intelligence, but how Mr. So-and-So has bought such and such a place, what Mrs. Smith said when her husband's mother's death was announced—the smallest, the least important details of dress and conduct and personal comings and goings. And these bits of inane gossip you will hear not once or twice but a dozen times in the same dining-room, often at every house to which you go in a week.

Not long ago a very rich man proposed to a New York girl staying in the South; and she wrote her mother in New York, asking whether she should accept him or wait until she could be surer of her own feelings. Her mother telegraphed an answer within five minutes of receiving the letter. The telegram was: "Accept him. Have announced the engagement." A woman started to tell this story to a man at the opera. He stopped her. "I've heard that seventeen times since seven o'clock and it's only ten now," he said.

To each circle, what happens outside it or who is in the other circles is as unknown as happenings on the planet Mars. And you find in each circle that exaggerated notion of the importance of its own particular doings which made MacNeill have his heralds cry from the battlements of his mountain fastness: "The MacNeill has dined. The other rulers of the earth may now sit down." Thus it is impossible for there to be any general movement of civic patriotism in New York. The natural leaders are divided among these isolated groups, and each one is himself, within his own group, as isolated as are the planets in the solar system. Only something of intimate, selfish, universal self-interest has power to make these independent, centrifugating bodies come together and move forward in harmony. What are the rings that rule New York but modifications of the rings that take advantage of the isolation of country life to rule rural counties? They steal and swindle more in New York simply because there is more to steal, more swindling to be done.

Step aside from any of the main thoroughfares of New York and you stumble straightway into the small town—the small-town shop, kept by a small-town man in the small-town way. Within a stone's throw of Fifth Avenue there are scores of shops where your opening the door causes a bell to ring in some back room; and if nobody comes you begin to nose about in the stock of goods, helping yourself to what you want. Sometimes you have a good deal of trouble getting the proprietor to come out and give you a price. There are half a dozen hotels in New York, in the heart of Manhattan, where on summer evenings you find the guests lined up in chairs at the curb whittling and swapping stories. Within ten minutes' walk from Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue is "Greenwich village," one of the oldest parts of New York but still a village in every essential, even to the kind of houses the people live in and the clothes they wear.

The most astonishing part of New York provincialism is its dense, crass ignorance of what is going on in the rest of the country. The most successful New York newspapers, like the most successful newspapers in rural or semi-rural communities, are those that devote the most space to "local" news. Manhattan Island does not know what is happening outside its borders and does not care to know. Of Chicago it knows as little as it does of Brooklyn; and of San Francisco it is as ignorant as it is of Jersey City.

To a man who has some appreciation of proportions nothing is more amusing than to hear the average prosperous New Yorker discourse on the national aspects of politics and finance. Since Roosevelt became President there has been a somewhat livelier interest in national affairs, because he is a New Yorker and because he has had some dealings with the trust problem, which is very important to New York, especially to its exuberantly prosperous section. But the theory that Wall Street is the centre of the United States, the maker and unmaker of prosperity, is one which to dispute in presence of the true New Yorker is to write one's self down an ass. The farmers pray to New York financiers before they begin to sow; the people everywhere are talking of New York society, New York politics, New York manners—so a certain very numerous kind of New Yorker fancies.

Morgan the Rainmaker

THE other evening, after a dinner, a conspicuous lawyer and a conspicuous financier led in a fierce discussion which lasted for two hours and which started in the following conversation: "Pierpont Morgan has made the prosperity of this country," said the financier, "and he will stand between it and hard times."

"You're right as to his having made us prosperous," replied the lawyer. "But I think he is going too far and will undo all he has done."

Neither of them, nor any one in the room who took part in the wrangle, disputed that Mr. Morgan was the presiding deity of the industrial and financial United States, was to it what sunshine is to the earth; the only question at issue was whether or no there was too much Morganshine. It did not enter their heads to consider the efforts of the eighty odd

millions of Americans outside New York's group of directing men of commerce and finance. The false and misleading military figure, "army of industry," was always used, and the resulting notion was that the generals are practically the whole thing and are summed up in the Commander-in-chief, as in an army.

Listening, one thought of the villager who, going twenty miles away from home for the first time in his life, returned from "seeing the world" to report to his fellow-loafers at the corner grocery. "I'll tell you what's the matter, fellows, if the world s as big in t'other direction as she is the way I went, she must be a whopper." The New Yorker of the true rural type would get no such liberal impression from a westward journey. He would return more firmly convinced than ever that New York is the only place, that the rest of the country exists merely to contribute to its prosperity and comfort and is strangely ignorant that all the civilization it possesses has been the gracious gift of New York.

Along with this spirit, be it said, there is in New York an intense, if vague, pride in the nation, in the country as a whole. The "jay-hawking" farmer may know nothing beyond his own horizon; but he is a patriot for all that. He thinks his goings on the most important events in the universe, but, overshadowing his local pride as the sky overshadows his fields, is his pride of country. And so it is with New York

So, though it is true that New York is ignorant of America, it is absurdly untrue that New York is un-American. There is no more certain indication of the tides of political public sentiment in this country than New York City's election returns. New York's brain is addled and dull on the subject of the rest of the country, but its heart beats in sympathy with it. And no farmer in the wilds is a fiercer opponent of oppression, political or industrial, than is the most prosperous New York farmer—when he happens to be not "in on the ground floor" of the particular flotation under criticism; and who expects more of human nature anywhere than that it shall be judicial when its self-interest is not too directly and keenly involved?

In looking at the amusement side of New York life—both public and private amusements—you are struck by the resemblance to a country fair.

The peculiarity of the "fair" is unsophisticated crowds gaping uncritically at amusements provided for them because they are incapable of amusing themselves. And this is the characteristic of the New York entertainment. The New Yorker seems to have no resources in himself or herself; he craves amusement of the kind that is provided without effort on his part; if no amusement is provided he sits dull and yawning. He takes whatever amusement is offered him, takes it with a ludicrously small exercise of the critical faculty, takes it with no irritation at its commonplaceness or utter lack of originality.

There is a theory that New York theatres are poor because they are filled with people from out of town who don't demand much—"hayseeds," as New York would say. But the truth is that New Yorkers pack their own theatres, and are well amused, too, by the most melancholy re-hashes of warmed-over jokes and sentimentalities. Up out of the mass of the people there is slowly developing a theatre, but it has not yet made any impression in that part of Manhattan Island of which we instantly think when we say New York. And in private entertainments in New York you miss the frank, simple, generous spirit of enjoyment which should and does characterize entertaining in the less provincial parts of America; and in place of it you find the stupor, the self-consciousness, the nervous dread of criticism which is the rule among the truly rural

Why New York is Provincial

ENGLAND, the land of isolation and shyness and inevitably accompanying inordinate vanity, might be called a nation of "country-jakes." New York, in its more prosperous circles, has this same all-pervading, all-depressing sense of strangeness. There is no "society" in any proper sense; there are merely heterogeneous "gatherings"

What is the explanation of the provincialism of New York? In part, no doubt, the rural and semi-rural origin and training of most of the people who alone could give it the cosmopolitan stamp. But in larger part the explanation is found in the intense, even savage, absorption of the prosperous portion of New York's population—each man and each woman in his or her own individual material progress. There is no time for looking round and out; all the strength of the eyes and the mind is for "*my* profit and *my* pleasure."

Yet, by a curious paradox, the world has not heretofore seen so potent, so progressive a city as New York; nor has it seen one where humaneness, especially of that careless, pauperizing, good-naturedly, contemptuously, pitying kind is so open-handed.

The first part of that paradox shows how mighty is individualism, how admirable for general progress is individualism's maxim: "Mind your own business."

The second part of the paradox shows how vast is the gap between brotherhood and benevolence—as vast as the abyss between sympathy which all men crave and pity which every proper man resents.

When Erskine Scored

AS THE ceaseless contests of the forum tend to sharpen and keep bright the wit of the combatants, it is not surprising that the disciples of Coke and Blackstone should be quick and sharp in repartee. When the Scotch advocate, Henry Erskine, pleading a case before the House of Lords, spoke of certain "cu'rators," he was interrupted by one of the judges, who informed him that the word was pronounced cura'tor in England. "I thank your lordship sincerely," responded Erskine. "I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a sena'tor and so great an ora'tor as your lordship." Not less apt and telling was the repartee of another canny Scot, the eminent lawyer, John Clark, when pleading in the same dignified court. The case before the court was a dispute about a millstream, in arguing which Clark pronounced the word "water" as if written *watter*. "Mr. Clark," said the Lord Chancellor, "do you spell 'water' in Scotland with two *t*'s?" "Na," retorted the barrister, a little nettled by this hit at his native tongue, "we dinna spell 'water' (making the word as short as possible) wi' twa *t*'s, but we spell 'mainners' (making the word as long as possible) wi' twa *n*'s."

Charles Lamb, who stammered out some of the best puns perpetrated in the social circles he mingled in, once wrote that "a pun is a noble thing *per se*; it is entire, and fills the mind, it is as perfect as a sonnet." This is emphatically true of his reply to a constable, who told him that eight persons had dined in a certain spire. "Eight persons!" exclaimed "Elia" looking up at the spire. "Well, they must have been a very sh-sh-sharp set!"

THE CALL OF THE WILD

By JACK LONDON

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IV—A Tale of Trace and Trail

A SCOTCH half-breed took charge of Buck and his mates, and in company with a dozen other dog-teams he started back over the weary trail to Dawson. It was no light running now, nor record time, but heavy toil each day, with a heavy load behind; for this was the mail-train, carrying word from the world to the men who sought gold under the shadow of the Pole.

Buck did not like it, but he bore up well to the work, taking pride in it after the manner of Dave and Sol-leks, and seeing that his mates, whether they prided in it or not, did their fair share. It was a monotonous life, operating with machine-like regularity. One day was very like another. At a certain time each morning the cooks turned out, fires were built, and breakfast was eaten. Then, while some broke camp, others harnessed the dogs, and they were under way an hour or so before the darker darkness fell which gave warning of dawn. At night camp was made. Some pitched the flies, others cut firewood and pine boughs for the beds, and still others carried water or ice for the cooks. Also, the dogs were fed. To them, this was the one feature of the day, though it was good to loaf around, after the fish was eaten, for an hour or so with the other dogs, of which there were five score and odd.

There were fierce fighters among them, but three battles with the fiercest brought Buck to mastery, so that when he bristled and showed his teeth they got out of his way.

Best of all, perhaps, he loved to lie near the fire, hindlegs crouched under him, forelegs stretched out in front, head raised, and eyes blinking dreamily at the flames. Sometimes he thought of Judge Miller's big house in the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley, and of the cement swimming tank, and Ysabel, the Mexican hairless, and Toots, the Japanese pug; but oftener he remembered the man in the red sweater, the death of Curly, the great fight with Spitz, and the good things he had eaten or would like to eat. He was not homesick. The Sunland was very dim and distant, and though he remembered, such memories had no power over him. Far more potent were the memories of his heredity that gave things he had never seen before a seeming familiarity; the instincts (which were but the memories of his ancestors become habits), which had lapsed in later days, and still later, in him, quickened and become alive again.

Sometimes, as he crouched there, blinking dreamily at the flames, it seemed that the flames were of another fire, and that as he crouched by this other fire he saw another and different man from the half-breed cook before him. This other man was shorter of leg and longer of arm, with muscles that were stringy and knotty rather than rounded and swelling. The hair of this man was long and matted, and his head slanted back under it from the eyes. He uttered strange sounds, and seemed very much afraid of the darkness, into which he peered continually, clutching in his hand, which hung midway between knee and foot, a stick with a heavy stone made fast to the end. He was all but naked; a ragged and fire-scorched skin hung part way down his back. He did not stand erect, but with trunk inclined forward from the hips, on legs that bended at the knees. About his body there was a peculiar springiness, or resiliency, almost catlike, and a quick alertness as of one who lived in perpetual fear of things seen and unseen.

At other times this hairy man squatted by the fire with head between his legs and slept. On such occasions his elbows were on his knees, his hands clasped above his head as though to shed rain by the hairy arms. And beyond that fire, in the circling darkness, Buck could see many gleaming coals, two by two, always two by two, which he knew for the eyes of great beasts of prey He could hear the crashing of their bodies through the undergrowth, and the noises they made in the night; and dreaming there by the Yukon bank, with lazy eyes blinking at the fire, these sounds and sights of another world would make the hair to rise along his back and stand on end across his shoulders and up his neck, till he whimpered low and suppressedly, or growled softly, and the half-breed cook shouted at him.

"Hey! You Buck! Wake up!"

Whereupon the other world would vanish and the real world come into his eyes, and he would get up and yawn and stretch as though he had been asleep.

THE SCOTCH HALF-BREED

It was a hard trip, with the mail behind them, and the heavy work wore them down. They were short of weight and in poor condition when they made Dawson, and should have had a ten days' or a week's rest, at least. But in two days' time they dropped down the Yukon bank from the Barracks, loaded with letters for the Outside. The dogs were tired, the drivers grumbling, and to make matters worse, it snowed every day. This meant a soft trail, greater friction on the runners, and heavier pulling for the dogs; yet the drivers were fair through it all, and did their best for the welfare of the animals.

Each night the dogs were attended to first. They ate before the drivers ate, and no man sought his sleeping-robe till he had seen to the feet of the dogs he drove. Still, their strength went down. Since the beginning of the winter they had traveled eighteen hundred miles, dragging sleds the whole

weary distance, and eighteen hundred miles will tell upon life of the toughest. Buck stood it, keeping his mates up to their work and maintaining discipline, though he, too, was very tired. Billee cried and whimpered regularly in his sleep each night. Joe was sourer than ever, and Sol-leks was unapproachable, blind side or other side

But it was Dave who suffered most of all. Something had gone wrong with him. He became more morose and irritable, and when camp was pitched at once made his nest, where his driver fed him. Once out of the harness and down, he did not get on his feet again till harness-up time in the morning

Sometimes, in the traces, when jerked by a sudden stoppage of the sled, or by straining to start it, he would cry out with pain. The driver examined him, but could find nothing. All the drivers became interested in his case. They talked it over at meal-time, and over their last pipes before going to bed, and one night they held a consultation. He was brought from his nest to the fire and was pressed and prodded till he cried out many times. Something was wrong inside, but they could locate no broken bones, could not make it out

By the time Cassiar Bar was reached he was so weak that he was falling repeatedly in the traces. The Scotch half-breed called a halt and took him out of the team, making the next dog, Sol-leks, fast to the sled. His intention was to rest Dave, letting him run free behind the sled. Sick as he was, Dave resented being taken out, grunting and growling while the traces were unfastened, and whimpering broken-heartedly when he saw Sol-leks in the position he had held and served so long. For the pride of trace and trail was his, and, sick unto death, he could not bear that another dog should do his work

When the sled started he floundered in the soft snow alongside the beaten trail, attacking Sol-leks with his teeth, rushing against him and trying to thrust him off into the soft snow on the other side, striving to leap inside his traces and get between him and the sled, and all the while whining and yelping and crying with grief and pain. The half-breed tried to drive him away with the whip, but he paid no heed to the stinging lash, and the man had not the heart to strike harder Dave refused to run quietly on the trail behind the sled, where the going was easy, but continued to flounder alongside in the soft snow, where the going was most difficult, till exhausted. Then he fell, and lay where he fell, howling lugubriously as the long train of sleds churned by.

With the last remnant of his strength he managed to stagger along behind till the train made another stop, when he floundered past the sleds to his own, where he stood alongside Sol-leks. His driver lingered a moment to get a light for his pipe from the man behind. Then he returned and started his dogs. They swung out on the trail with remarkable lack of exertion, turned their heads uneasily, and stopped in surprise. The driver was surprised, too. The sled had not moved. He called his comrades to witness the sight. Dave had bitten through both of Sol-leks' traces, and was standing directly in front of the sled in his proper place.

He pleaded with his eyes to remain there. The driver was perplexed. His comrades talked of how a dog could break its heart through being denied the work that killed it, and recalled instances they had known where dogs, too old for the toil, or injured, had died because they were cut out of the traces. Also, they held it a mercy, since Dave was to die anyway, that he should die in the traces, heart-easy and content. So he was harnessed in again, and proudly he pulled as of old, though more than once he cried out involuntarily from the bite of his inward hurt. Several times he fell down and was dragged in the traces, and once the sled ran upon him so that he limped thereafter in one of his hindlegs.

But he held out till camp was reached, when his driver made a place for him by the fire. Morning found him too weak to travel. At harness-up time he tried to crawl to his driver. By convulsive efforts he got on his feet, staggered, and fell. Then he wormed his way forward slowly toward where the harnesses were being put on his mates. He would advance and drag up his body with a sort of hitching movement, when he would push out his forelegs and hitch ahead again for a few more inches. His strength left him, and the last his mates saw of him he lay gasping in the snow and yearning toward them. But they could hear him mournfully howling till they passed out of sight behind a belt of river timber.

Here the train was halted. The Scotch half-breed slowly retraced his steps to the camp they had left. The men ceased talking. A revolver-shot rang out. The half-breed came back hurriedly. The whips snapped, the bells tinkled merrily, the sleds churned along the trail; but Buck knew, and every dog knew, what had taken place behind the river trees.

V—The Toil of Trace and Trail

THIRTY days from the time it left Dawson the Salt Water Mail, with Buck and his mates at the fore, arrived at Skaguay. They were in a wretched state, worn out and worn down. Buck's one hundred and forty pounds had dwindled to one hundred and fifteen. The rest of his mates, though lighter dogs, had relatively lost more weight than he. Pike, the malingerer, who in his lifetime of deceit had often successfully feigned a hurt leg, was now limping in earnest; and Dub was suffering from a wrenched shoulder-blade.

They were all terribly footsore. No spring or rebound was left in them. Their feet fell heavily on the trail, jarring their bodies and doubling the fatigue of a day's travel. There was nothing the matter with them except that they were dead tired. It was not the dead-tiredness that comes through brief and excessive effort, from which recovery is the matter of hours; but it was the dead-tiredness that comes through the slow and prolonged drainage of months of toil. There was no power of recuperation left, no reserve strength to call upon. It had been all used, the last least bit of it. Every muscle, every fibre, every cell was tired, dead tired. And there was reason for it. In less than five months they had traveled two thousand five hundred miles, during the last eighteen hundred of which they had had but five days' rest. When they arrived at Skaguay they were apparently on their last legs. They could barely keep the traces taut, and on the down-grades just managed to keep out of the way of the sleds.

"Mush on, poor sore-feets," the driver encouraged them as they tottered down the main street of Skaguay. "Dis is de las'. Den we get one long res'. Eh? For sure. One bully long res'."

The drivers confidently expected a long stop-over. Themselves, they had covered twelve hundred miles with two days' rest, and in the nature of reason and common justice they deserved an interval of loafing. But so many were the men who had rushed into the Klondike, and so many were the sweethearts, wives and kin that had not rushed in, that the congested mail was taking on Alpine proportions. Also, there were official orders. Fresh batches of Hudson Bay dogs were to take the places of those worthless for the trail The worthless ones were to be got rid of, and, since dogs count for little against dollars, they were to be sold.

Three days passed, by which time Buck and his mates found how really tired and weak they were. Then, on the morning of the fourth day two men from the States came along and bought them, harness and all, for a song. The men addressed each other as "Hal" and "Charles." Charles was a middle-aged, lightish-colored man, with weak and watery eyes and a mustache that twisted fiercely and vigorously up, giving the lie to the limply-drooping lip it concealed. Hal was a youngster of nineteen or twenty, with a big Colt's revolver and a hunting-knife strapped about him on a belt that fairly bristled with cartridges. This belt was the most salient thing about him. Both men were manifestly out of place, and why such as they should adventure the North is part of the mystery of things that passes understanding.

Buck heard the chaffering, saw the money pass between them and the Government agent, and knew that the Scotch half-breed and the mail-train drivers were passing out of his life on the heels of Perrault and François and the others who had gone before. When driven with his mates to the new owners' camp, Buck saw a slipshod and slovenly affair, tent half-stretched, dishes unwashed, everything in disorder. Also, he saw a woman. "Mercedes," the men called her. She was Charles' wife and Hal's sister—a nice family party.

Buck watched them apprehensively as they proceeded to take down the tent and load the sled. There was a great deal of effort about their manner, but no businesslike method. The tent was rolled into an awkward bundle three times as large as it should have been. The tin dishes were packed away unwashed. Mercedes continually fluttered in the way of her men and kept up an unbroken chattering of remonstrance and advice. When they put a clothes-sack on the front of the sled she suggested it should go on the back; and when they had put it on the back and covered it over with a couple of other bundles, she discovered overlooked articles which could abide nowhere else but in it, and they unloaded again

Three men from a neighboring tent came out and looked on, grinning and winking at one another

"You've got a right smart load as it is," said one of them, "and it's not me should tell you your business, but I wouldn't tote that tent along if I was you."

"Undreamed of!" cried Mercedes, throwing up her hands in dainty dismay. "However in the world could I manage without a tent?"

"It's springtime, and you won't get any more cold weather," the man replied.

She shook her head decidedly, and Charles and Hal put the last odds and ends on top of the mountainous load.

"Think it'll ride?" one of the men asked.

"Why shouldn't it?" Charles demanded rather shortly.

"Oh, that's all right, that's all right," the man hastened meekly to say. "I was just a-wonderin', that is all. It seemed a mite top-heavy."

Charles turned his back and drew the lashings down as well as he could, which was not in the least well.

"An' of course the dogs can hike along all day with that contraption behind them," affirmed a second of the men.

"Certainly," said Hal with freezing politeness, taking hold of the gee-pole with one hand and swinging his whip from the other. "Mush!" he shouted. "Mush on, there!"

The dogs sprang against the breast-bands, strained hard for a few moments, then relaxed. They were unable to move the sled.

"The lazy brutes, I'll show them!" he cried, preparing to lash out at them with the whip.

But Mercedes interfered, crying, "Oh, Hal, you mustn't," as she caught hold of the whip and wrenched it from him. "The poor dears! Now you must promise you won't be harsh with them for the rest of the trip, or I won't go a step."

"Precious lot you know about dogs," her brother sneered; "and I wish you'd leave me alone. They're lazy, I tell you, and you've got to whip them to get anything out of them. That's their way. You ask any one. Ask one of those men."

Mercedes looked at them imploringly, untold repugnance, at sight of pain, written in her pretty face

"They're weak as water, if you want to know," came the reply from one of the men. "Plum tuckered out, that's what's the matter. They need a rest."

"Rest be blanked," said Hal with his beardless lips; and Mercedes said "Oh!" in pain and sorrow.

But she was a clannish creature, and rushed at once to the defense of her brother. "Never mind that man," she said pointedly. "You're driving our dogs, and you do what you think best with them."

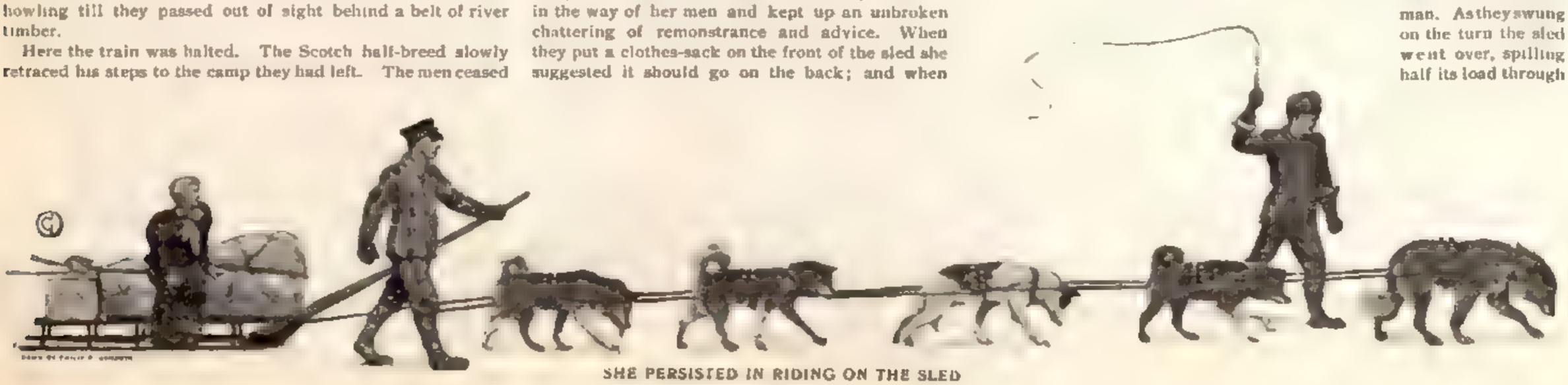
Again Hal's whip fell upon the dogs. They threw themselves against the breast-bands, dug their feet into the packed snow, got down low to it, and put forth all their strength. The sled held as though it were an anchor After two efforts they stood still, panting. The whip was whistling savagely, when once more Mercedes interfered. She dropped on her knees before Buck, with tears in her eyes, and put her arms around his neck.

"You poor, poor dears," she cried sympathetically, "why don't you pull hard, then you wouldn't be whipped?" Buck did not like her, but he was feeling too miserable to resist her, taking it as part of the day's miserable work.

One of the onlookers, who had been clenching his teeth to suppress hot speech, now spoke up, saying.

"It's not that I care a whoop what becomes of you, but for the dogs' sakes I just want to tell you you can help them a mighty lot by breaking out that sled. The runners are froze fast. Throw your weight against the gee-pole, right and left, and break it out."

A third time the attempt was made, but this time, following the advice, Hal broke out the runners which had been frozen to the snow. The overloaded and unwieldy sled forged ahead, Buck and his mates struggling frantically under the rain of blows. A hundred yards ahead the path turned and sloped steeply into the main street. It would have required an experienced man to keep the top-heavy sled upright, and Hal was not such a man. As they swung on the turn the sled went over, spilling half its load through



SHE PERSISTED IN RIDING ON THE SLED

the loose lashings. The dogs never stopped. The lightened sled bounded on its side behind them. They were angry because of the ill treatment they had received and the unjust load. Buck was raging. He broke into a run, the team following his lead. Hal cried "Whoa! Whoa!" but they gave no heed. He tripped and was pulled off his feet. The capsized sled ground over him, and the dogs dashed on up the street, adding to the gayety of Skaguay as they scattered the remainder of the outfit along its chief thoroughfare.

Kind-hearted citizens caught the dogs and gathered up the scattered belongings. Also, they gave advice. Half the load and twice the dogs if they ever expected to reach Dawson was what was said. Hal and his sister and brother-in-law listened unwillingly, pitched tent, and overhauled the outfit. Canned goods were turned out that made men laugh, for canned goods on the Long Trail are a thing to dream about. "Blankets for a hotel" quoth one of the men, who laughed and helped. "Half as many is too much; get rid of them. Throw away that tent. And all those dishes; who's going to wash them anyway? Do you think you're traveling on a Pullman?"

And so it went, the inexorable elimination of the superfluous. Mercedes cried when her clothes bags were dumped on the ground and article after article was thrown out. She cried in general, and she cried in particular over each discarded thing. She clasped hands about knees, rocking back and forth broken-heartedly. She averred she would not go an inch, not for a dozen Charleses. She appealed to everybody and to everything, finally wiping her eyes and proceeding to cast out even articles of apparel that were imperatively necessaries. And in her zeal when she had finished with her own, she attacked the belongings of her men and went through them like a tornado.

This accomplished, the outfit, though cut in half, was still a formidable bulk. Charles and Hal went out in the evening and bought six outside dogs. These, added to the six of the original team and Teek and Koona, the huskies obtained at the Rink Rapids on the record trip, brought the team up to fourteen. But the outside dogs, though practically broken in since their landing, did not amount to much. Three were short-haired pointers, one was a Newfoundland, and the other two were mongrels of indeterminate breed. They did not seem to know anything, these newcomers. Buck and his comrades looked upon them with disgust, and though he speedily taught them their places and what not to do, he could not teach them what to do. They did not take kindly to trace and trail. With the exception of the two mongrels, they were bewildered and spirit broken by the strange, savage environment in which they found themselves and by the ill-treatment they had received. The two mongrels were without spirit at all; bones were the only things breakable about them.

With the newcomers hopeless and forlorn, and the old team worn out by twenty-five hundred miles of continuous trail, the outlook was anything but bright. The two men, however, were quite cheerful. And they were proud, too. They were doing the thing in style, with fourteen dogs. They had seen other sleds depart over the Pass for Dawson, or come in from Dawson, but never had they seen a sled with so many as fourteen dogs. In the nature of Arctic travel there was a reason why fourteen dogs should not drag one sled, and that was that one sled could not carry the food for fourteen dogs. But Charles and Hal did not know this. They had worked the trip out with a pencil—so much to a dog, so many dogs, so many days, Q.E.D. Mercedes looked over their shoulders and nodded comprehensively, it was all so very simple.

Late next morning Buck led the long team up the street. There was nothing lively about it—no snap or go in him and his fellows. They were starting dead weary. Four times he had covered the distance between Salt Water and Dawson, and the knowledge that, jaded and tired, he was facing the same trail once more made him bitter. His heart was not in the work; nor was the heart of any dog. The outsiders were timid, the insiders without confidence in their masters.

Buck felt vaguely that there was no depending upon these two men and the woman. They did not know how to do anything, and as the days went by it became apparent that they could not learn. They were slack in all things, without order or discipline. It took them half the night to pitch a slovenly camp, and half the morning to break that camp and get the sled loaded in such fashion that for the rest of the day they were occupied in stopping and rearranging the load. Some days they did not make ten miles. On other days they were unable to get started at all. And on no day did they succeed in making more than half the distance used by the men as a basis in their dog-food computation.

It was inevitable that they should go short on dog-food. But they hastened it by overfeeding, bringing the day nearer when underfeeding would commence. The outside dogs, whose digestions had not been trained by chronic famine to make the most on little, had voracious appetites. And when, in addition to this, the worn-out huskies pulled weakly, Hal decided that the orthodox ration was too small. He doubled it. And to cap it all, when Mercedes, with tears in her pretty eyes and a quaver in her throat, could not cajole him into giving the dogs still more she stole from the fish-sacks and fed them slyly. But it was not food that Buck and the huskies needed; it was rest. And though they were making poor time, the heavy load they dragged sapped their strength severely.

Then came the underfeeding. Hal awoke one day to the fact that his dog-food was half gone and the distance only quarter covered, further, that for love or money no additional dog food was to be obtained. So he cut down even the orthodox ration and tried to increase the day's travel. His sister and brother-in-law seconded him; but they were frustrated by their heavy outfit and their own incompetence. It was a simple matter to give the dogs less food; but it was impossible to make the dogs travel faster, while their own inability to get under way earlier in the morning prevented them from traveling longer hours. Not only did they not know how to work dogs, but they did not know how to work themselves.

AND BEYOND THAT FIRE, IN THE CIRCLING DARKNESS, BUCK COULD SEE MANY GLEAMING COALS, TWO BY TWO

The first to go was Dub. Poor blundering thief that he was, always getting caught and punished, he had none the less been a faithful worker. His wrenched shoulder-blade untreated and unrested, went from bad to worse, until finally Hal shot him with the big Colt's revolver. It is a saying of the country that an outside dog starves to death on the ration of the husky, so the six outside dogs under Buck could do no less than die on half the ration of the husky. The Newfoundland went first, followed by the three short-haired pointers, the two mongrels hanging on more gamely to life, but going in the end.

By this time all the amenities and gentlenesses of the Southland had fallen away from the three people. Shorn of its glamor and romance, Arctic travel became to them a reality too harsh for their manhood and womanhood. Mercedes ceased weeping over the dogs, being too occupied with weeping over herself and with quarreling with her husband and brother. To quarrel was the one thing they were never too weary to do. Their irritability arose out of their misery, increased with it, doubled upon it, outdistanced it. The wonderful patience of the trail which comes to men who toil hard and suffer sore and remain sweet of speech and kindly did not come to these two men and the woman. They had no inkling of such a patience. They were stiff and in pain, their muscles ached, their bones ached, their very hearts ached; and because of this they became sharp of speech, and hard words were first on their lips in the morning and last at night.

Charles and Hal wrangled whenever Mercedes gave them a chance. It was the cherished belief of each that he did more than his share of the work, and neither forbore to speak this belief at every opportunity. Sometimes Mercedes sided with her husband, sometimes with her brother. The result was a beautiful and unending family quarrel. Starting from a dispute as to which should chop a few sticks for the fire (a dispute which concerned only Charles and Hal), presently would be lugged in the rest of the family—fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins, people thousands of miles away and some of them dead. That Hal's views on art, or the sort of society plays his mother's brother wrote, should have anything to do with the chopping of a few sticks of firewood, passes comprehension; nevertheless the quarrel was as likely to tend in that direction as in the direction of Charles' political prejudices. And that Charles' sister's tale-bearing tongue should be relevant to the building of a Yukon fire was apparent only to Mercedes, who disburdened herself of copious opinions upon that topic and incidentally upon a few other traits unpleasantly peculiar to her husband's family. In the mean time the fire remained unbuilt, the camp half pitched, and the dogs unfed.

Mercedes nursed a special grievance—the grievance of sex. She was pretty and soft, and had been chivalrously treated all her days. But the present treatment by her husband and brother was everything save chivalrous. It was her custom to be helpless. They complained. Upon which impeachment of what to her was her most essential sex-prerogative she made their lives more than burdensome. She no longer considered the dogs, and because she was sore and tired she persisted in riding on the sled. She was pretty and soft, but she weighed one hundred and twenty pounds—a lusty last straw to a load dragged by weak and starving animals. She rode for days, till they fell in the traces and the sled stood still. Charles and Hal begged her to get off and walk, pleaded with her, entreated, the while she wept and importuned Heaven with a recital of their brutality.

On one occasion they took her off the sled by main strength. They never did it again. She let her legs go limp like a spoiled child, and sat down on the trail. They went on their way, but she did not move. After they had traveled three miles they unloaded the sled, came back for her, and by main strength put her on the sled again.

In the excess of their own misery they were callous to the suffering of their animals. Hal's theory, which he practiced on others, was that one must get hardened. He had started out preaching it to his sister and brother-in-law. Failing there he hammered it into the dogs with a club. At the Five Fingers the dog-food gave out, and a toothless old squaw

Continued on Page 29

Fortunes and Freaks in

The Advertising Expert: His Uses and His Justification

NEW YORKERS who frequent the vicinity of Madison Square soon come to notice the figure of a certain man who crosses the Square half a dozen times a day. His face is smooth shaven, round, yet strong—a very young face until one looks closer and sees the rugged lines. But the sense of the lines is lost again at the eyes, big and bland and laughing as a boy's. It is almost a shock, after these eyes, to travel farther and run plump into a head of bushy hair as gray as a man's should be at fifty, and not before. Altogether a picturesque figure. And the history of the man is as picturesque as his physique. A few years ago he was the Rev. Alfred E. Rose, pastor to a small Baptist flock in Westfield, New York, a country town near Buffalo. To-day he is Mr. Alfred E. Rose, advertising expert. As a preacher, Mr. Rose earned $2000 a year. In his new profession he makes more than that sum in a month.

In Westfield Mr. Rose carried on his shoulders the support of a mother and a family of sisters and brothers. Two thousand a year is very substantial pay for a country minister, but even with him it does not go very far when there are younger brothers to put through college and younger sisters to start in life. This was one reason why the young preacher—he was only twenty-eight when he left the pulpit—felt that he ought to go out into the world. But there was another. In order to provide employment for one of his younger brothers Mr. Rose had bought a country weekly published at Westfield. He helped his brother along by writing editorials. The result was rather unpleasant at times, for among others who merited editorial criticism and got it were some of the most important members of the pastor's flock. They didn't like this at all and made no bones about saying so.

The Trouble-Making Rate Card

THE end was not hard to foresee. The Rev. Mr. Rose gave up his pastorate, though he did not resign as a minister of the Baptist church, nor has he ever resigned from this office. On the day he quit his church labors he took full charge of the country paper. The thing that struck him first in his new field was the utter absence of uniformity in the advertising rates. About every advertiser had a different figure for the same relative service. To remedy this, Mr. Rose compiled a rate card that would have done credit for even-handed justice to any metropolitan daily. This rate card was mailed to every advertiser with a notice that hereafter these rates would be charged. Some advertisers found their rates reduced and they were correspondingly happy. Others found their rates increased and raised a violent protest. Among the latter was a big Buffalo department store. The manager of this store sent the rate card back with these words written across the face:

"Your old advertising is no good, anyway. It has never brought us any returns. Drop our ad."

Mr. Rose sent a reply, terse and to the point:

"My advertising," he wrote, "is certainly as good as your business methods, and I hope much better. That you should have had no returns is in no way remarkable, as you are still running an advertisement describing your Christmas stock and it is now May. Why don't you hire some one to look after your advertising?"

The new publisher considered the incident closed until he got a note from the manager of the department store. It asked him to call if he could make it convenient. Mr. Rose was in the manager's office the next day.

"So you think we ought to have a special man to look after our advertising, Mr. Rose?" the manager inquired after rather chilly greetings had been exchanged.

"I certainly do."

"Well, so do I, though it had not occurred to any of us until you called our attention to that Christmas ad. How would you like the job?"

Editor's Note.—This is the fourth in a series of papers by Mr. Briggs. The next article will appear in an early number.

"Very much, if it paid!"

"Can you write attractive advertisements?"

Mr. Rose, up to that time, had never written an advertisement in his life, nor anything else except his sermons and the trouble-making editorials. He replied very promptly, however, that he certainly could.

"But you've never written dry goods ads?"

"No, but the task is a simple one if it is gone about intelligently and industriously."

"And how would you go about it?"

"I would put myself in the attitude of the purchaser, reason out what would attract me to the store if I wanted to buy and set these attractions down, bearing in mind the character and prices of the goods to be offered."

The manager seemed to think this a most excellent idea. He studied his man a little more and then asked:

"What would you be willing to come for?"

"Five thousand a year," said the clergyman without winking an eyelash.

The Beginning of Big Salaries

THE manager swallowed hard. There are plenty of department stores to-day that pay their advertising managers twice that sum and more. But this was fifteen years ago, and there was probably not a man even in the great cities like New York, Philadelphia and Chicago who got such pay. The manager pointed out this fact and added, as a clincher:

"We don't spend more than $15,000 a year all told, for our advertising, and at that figure we should be paying you thirty-three and one-third per cent. for supervising the expenditure."

"Even so," replied the undaunted Rose, "I think it would be a very profitable arrangement. Or better still, you might increase your appropriation, for you could certainly spend more money very profitably if it were spent right. In any event I couldn't afford to come for less."

Self-confidence won the day, for the next morning Rose was engaged at his own figure under a year's contract.

He held this position for five years, increasing the business of his employers enormously and attracting attention throughout New York State by his original "copy." Then he executed a characteristic move. A big miller, with headquarters in New York City, was exploiting a new brand of oatmeal and needed a good advertisement writer. Mr. Rose was suggested and, at the miller's invitation, he took a night train for New York to talk things over. The interview was satisfactory until the matter of pay was reached.

"You are too expensive for me," was the objection.

"What could you afford to pay as a starter?"

"Not over $5000 a year."

"All right," said Rose promptly, "I'll take it."

"And give up a position paying $5000?"

"Yes. You see, I've been getting $5000 now for five years, and I might get that sum forever, but no more. Now with you I can make myself worth much beyond that."

Within two weeks he was at work writing oatmeal advertisements. Within a year he was making $4000 and within two years $5000. Several years later, after he had raised his salary to $8000, he accepted a position with a firm of New York chemists at $12,000 a year. Here he wrote of the virtues of Cod Liver Oil, and he did it so well that a great patent-medicine business offered him $15,000 a year and a percentage of the profits of their business under a long-term contract. Mr. Rose accepted and became general manager of the concern, giving special attention to the writing and placing of the advertising. In the course of two years he had stimulated the business so enormously that he cleared over a million dollars for the house.

Then Mr. Rose came back to New York and settled down to "independent practice," as the lawyers say, giving his services as an expert to all who might be prepared to pay roundly for the privilege. His former client, the miller, was one of the first to engage him, and in his behalf Mr. Rose recently put out over a million dollars' worth of advertising in less than ten months to float a new breakfast cereal. This campaign has swept the field, and the profits are estimated so far at something like a million on, or one hundred per cent.

The creation of the new profession of advertising expert is one of the most interesting phases of the modern advertising era. It has opened up a field that promises most amazing things for young men who are equipped for its practice. Already, though it is only a few years old, this profession ranks with the most important in America, and its members are rapidly making a place for it in the older countries across the water. Its fenders admit financial kinship only with corporation lawyers.

The dean of the profession lives neighbor to the great corporation lawyers, the stories of whose earnings and careers have been filling the newspapers and magazines for years. He is no longer a young man, but he may rest very well satisfied with his work. He sees "clients" only by appointment made well in advance. His consultation fee is $50 a day and he demands and receives $150 a day when he devotes his entire time to any one concern. The President of the United States receives the same pay. For a ten word advertisement this expert has been paid as high as $150, or at the rate of $15 a word, a rate that would paralyze even Rudyard Kipling.

The enormous development of advertising has made these experts an absolute necessity in our modern business system. Without them, millions of dollars that now bring large returns would be wasted. At one time the matter of advertising was a gamble. Now it is practically an exact science. And these experts have brought about the change. So fine has the knowledge of results become that an experienced man can figure almost to a dot the issue of any campaign. That large sums of money are still lost in the advertising field is true enough. In fact, it is probably true that more money is lost to-day than ever before, because a thousand dollars is being invested where ten dollars was invested a few years ago. But whenever loss is sustained the cause is very manifest. Some rudimentary principle of the science has been violated and the loss might have been avoided by proper counsel. How complex the principles involved are may be gathered from these two instances.

Against the Expert's Advice

IT HAPPENED that while traveling a man came across an oil used for treating bruises, burns, lameness and rheumatism. He saw some very wonderful cures effected and determined that here was his chance to make millions. His posters and street-car designs, and the advertisements that he ran in magazines and newspapers, were among the most brilliant ever seen in America. The great cartoon standard-bearers, the variety actors used them as gags on the stage. Here was the supreme

test of the popularity and success of advertising. But for all this the results were slow. And the reason? It lies on the surface, in plain sight to any one who has the analytical faculty which is absolutely essential to success in this new science.

The time of oils and ointments has passed. People in the mass have been educated away from their use. There are many excellent preparations on the market for bruises and abrasions that one can rub into the skin and that are absorbed—that do not leave one sticky and greasy and uncomfortable. In consequence it is painful work to induce a large number of people to experiment with an oil or ointment, no matter how excellent its qualities.

Advertising—By Paul Latzke

And as for rheumatism cures, we have learned even in the lay ranks, within the past ten or fifteen years, that the worst possible thing for rheumatism is to rub the afflicted parts or to use any sort of friction. We have learned that the disease and the pains it brings are to be cured only by internal remedies and by certain baths. In other words, the "style" in rheumatism cures has changed, and it is only a limited few who can be induced, these days, to submit to rubbing with or without oil. It is because he did not get the right sort of advice or refused to heed it that this man with his oil cure has had lagging success. Had he put in the same sort of brilliant work on a food product or anything else that the public wanted and needed daily, he would beyond a doubt have made millions out of his campaign.

$350,000 Thrown Away

BUT even in the exploitation of daily necessities there are involved questions that may bring trouble. A well-known man who attempted to float a new food product has lost $350,000. This man had just cleaned up a million dollars or so through the successful exploitation of a cereal. Looking about for new fields to conquer, he determined to put out a new brand of self-rising flour. Like the oil man, he made the mistake of failing to realize changed conditions. Self-rising flour is simply a mixture of plain flour and baking-powder carefully blended. In the early days of baking-powder, twenty or twenty-five years ago, many a batch of biscuit and cake was spoiled by the cook who didn't know enough to mix her dough just right. This led to the introduction of the self-rising flour. It had to be put up in small packages, as the baking-powder in the mixture lost its strength if it was not used up before it grew stale. Owing to its convenience and insurance against failure in mixing, a large trade was built up for this kind of flour and it was sold at two to three hundred per cent. above the cost of plain flour. But with the years the cooks became thoroughly familiar with the handling of baking powder. Then, too, the brands of flour became more standard, so that to-day there is little or no chance in making biscuit or cake dough. This has cut down the demand for self rising flour with its fancy price until there is very little on the market.

This man made up his mind that under the circumstances it would probably be hopeless to advertise profitably a self-rising flour as such—that is, at the price he desired to sell it for. But as a new food product, he reasoned, the field for such a labor-saving mixture would be promising. So he put up his product under a special brand and turned loose an ocean of ink. The whole thing fell flat, and all because the promoter underestimated the intelligence of his public. The women were not content with a simple assertion. They wanted information; and as this information could not be furnished without giving away the whole secret, without admitting that it was simply the old self-rising flour under another name, the women declined to buy it. As a result, the product has been practically withdrawn, the advertising spaces contracted for have been covered up with other matter, and the man has been compelled to swallow his loss

The patent of the new profession of "advertising expert" may be read in these two cases, the man with his slow moving oil remedy, and the man with his special flour. For in both cases experts advised against the campaigns and foretold the reasons that would cause trouble.

Of course there are cases where men succeed on a large scale without the aid of the professional expert. But in these instances it is very safe to assume that the principals have naturally those talents that make up the expert's equipment, just as there are great contractors and builders who are instinctive engineers and architects

E. A. Olds, whose fame as an advertiser is almost world-wide, furnishes one of the most interesting illustrations of this exceptional condition. Mr. Olds was, twenty-five or thirty years ago, the manager of the soap department in a great wholesale drug house. One day, while he was busy over his correspondence, he was approached by a man who introduced himself as from Connecticut. The stranger said that he was a soapmaker, and that he had a brand of soap he was very anxious to put on the market. With that he reached toward Mr. Olds a package that looked as though it had just been fished out of a sewer. The soap inside was wrapped in a piece of ordinary paper, through which the black grease and oil had soaked until it looked absolutely unfit to handle. Mr. Olds has a fine aesthetic sense; he was so shocked by the appearance of the package that he declined absolutely to touch it

"Take it away," he said; "I wouldn't have it in the place

The Yankee pleaded, as only a native of the Connecticut Valley can when he has something to sell. But Mr. Olds remained obdurate. When everything else failed, the soap man finally said

"At any rate, you cannot refuse to let me leave a dozen cakes. You try a cake and give the others to some of your friends. Then, if they don't tell you it's the best soap you've ever used, I'll never bother you again."

To be rid of his man, Mr. Olds said he could leave as many cakes as he pleased. To get the stuff off his hands Mr. Olds passed the soap along to various people in the house, among others, to one of the partners. He had forgotten all about the matter, when his chief said to him

"Olds, that certainly is great soap, though it doesn't look the part. Why don't you take it up in connection with your other duties? You've got a little money saved, and I'm sure if you put it into this soap and push it properly you can build up a prosperous little side line."

This led Mr. Olds to investigate, and when next the Yankee showed up he was received a little more cordially, and there happened one of those peculiar coincidences that come so frequently to shape men's business lives. The man, as soon as he saw that Mr Olds had relented somewhat, said:

"There's a fortune in this thing, Mr. Olds, if it can be handled right. I'm a good soapmaker but a mighty poor business man. Why don't you take a half interest in my factory and look after the selling end?"

Out of this proposition grew a business that is now ranked as one of the finest in the country. Mr. Olds retained his position as department manager for some years, but finally retired from the drug house to devote himself entirely to the soap. To do this he surrendered a large salary and plunged headlong into a business the profits of which at that time meant less than $2000 a year to him. At first he had to be content with pushing the soap through his connection with salesmen and jobbers. A little later he began to advertise in a small way, sending out a salesman among the retail trade whose business it was to see that handbills were properly distributed in certain of the smaller towns. It was several years before he ventured into magazine advertising. Now he relies entirely on this system to sell his goods. His partner died long ago, long before the business had grown into a great institution. Mr. Olds has always written and prepared his own advertising, and so skillfully has he done his work that his goods are probably as well known as any other product in the market

Quite a number of other cases could be cited of men who have succeeded in the advertising field depending solely on their own skill in the preparation and putting out of their announcements. But with all of them it was undoubtedly the case that they were born advertisers, just as some men are born lawyers or doctors And they were all men who could afford to take chances, for they started out in a small way, and forged ahead very slowly and cautiously. But these are the days of huge things in advertising, and the man who takes chances on the scale that is now necessary to great success runs a very unnecessary and foolish risk

The Gigantic Cost of Present Advertising

A GLANCE at some recent transactions is only necessary to show this. It was only a short time ago that a certain firm of soapmakers made a contract with one monthly publication amounting to $240,000. Only a couple of months ago a New York dry-goods house signed a contract for $180,000 for the privilege of putting their advertising on the backs of the street-car transfer slips covering a certain city system The advertising privileges on the elevated roads of New York were bought by a firm of agents at an annual rental, it is said, of $2[illegible] a year And it is announced that the privileges of the combined elevated and underground roads in New York, when they come up for re-letting, will have an upset price of $400,000 a year fixed In the transfer of an important business recently, the value of a well-known advertising catch-phrase was placed at $250,000. And there are other advertising phrases and trademarks in existence that are held at very much larger sums.

At all times the expert is called on to pass on all sorts of new propositions. It is not so long ago that an enterprising firm of advertising men secured the privilege of putting advertisements on the freight cars of some of the most important lines of the country. Here, it was thought, was a fortune, and there stood plenty of advertisers ready to give contracts. Fortunately for them, an expert analyzed the situation and found its weak point. He showed that most of the freight cars in the country were moved at night, when people couldn't see the advertisements, and that when they arrived at their destinations in the cities they were housed for unloading and loading in great yards where none but truckmen and switch-tenders would ever see the signs they bore. On another occasion a company was formed to write advertisements on the clouds by means of a sort of magic lantern. This scheme didn't work because its promoters couldn't find a sufficient number of low-lying clouds. Over in Paris, on the other hand, a genius reaped a fine harvest by a scheme that was very much simpler than these other two. He conceived the idea of utilizing the tops of the thousands of busses that carry the street traffic of Paris without paying the companies a cent for the privilege. He had letters three feet high painted on huge hollow wooden cubes. These cubes were carried by a company of men who mounted the busses at the starting-point, filling up both sides of the roof seats. After they settled down they held their cubes in their laps, and as the seats run back to back along the middle, facing outward on both sides, they made a perfect ever-moving sign-board that none of the hundred thousands who throng the boulevards could escape seeing. It was some time before the directors of the bus companies woke up to the situation, which cost them a lot of money, as the cube holders rode from end to end of the route, cutting off all short riders. With proverbial European caution and slowness, the directors wrestled with the problem for three months before it occurred to them to issue an order prohibiting the cube men from occupying seats on the vehicles. Meanwhile, the inventor of the scheme had pulled off a very snug little fortune.

Watkins' Wonderful Waggle

By Nixon Waterman

No, when it comes to golfing Watkins isn't, all in all,
Just what a careful student of the game would care to call
A finished man; yet there's one thing he does with so much grace—
He makes the other players see they stand in second place.
His stroke is seldom perfect, he is pretty sure to scruf,
Or when his swing is not too low it's seldom low enough;
But all who chance to see him feel that, though they strive and strive,
They cannot match the waggle that he does before the drive.

Day after day I play with him and beat him every time,
For, as I've said, the game he plays is anything but prime;
His brassy shots are faulty and at lofting he is lame,
And never, on his putting, can he hope to win a game.
And yet I cringe before him and in humbleness I pine
To learn his one accomplishment that makes him truly shine;
For though his swing may fail to stir the ball from off the tee,
His preliminary waggle is a wondrous thing to see.

I wish I could describe it, but alas! it can't be done;
It's a rhythmic sway and tremor and a joggle all in one;
It's a symphony of motion; an harmonious, complete,
All pervading wave of wonder from his shoulders to his feet.
How he loves to pose and teeter as he gazes at the ball,
And although he isn't likely to disturb the sphere at all,
'Tis of small account to Watkins, for he innocently thinks
His preliminary waggle makes him master of the links.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET PHILADELPHIA

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Subscription Two Dollars the Year
Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

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Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ Every good lie gets bad when told.

¶ No man takes a vacation who takes his work with him.

¶ A second is lost every time a lazy man looks at the clock.

¶ The man who can stand alone can usually stand a loan.

¶ Love wears the heart on the sleeve, trade in the pocket.

¶ It is not safe to expect that the unexpected will happen.

¶ Money can afford to talk because it is drawing interest.

¶ He who looks before he leaps is often satisfied to stay where he is.

¶ We are getting a fine lot of complicated books on the simple life.

¶ A man's battle in life depends very largely upon his first engagement.

¶ The big prizes are won by those who have their heads full oftener than by those who have their hands full.

On This Day

ON THE Fourth of July we are prone to forget everything but the Declaration of Independence, the noise of firecrackers, the picnics, the golf matches, the baseball games, the parades, the dollar excursions and the Flag.

But it is a day of other great anniversaries. Penn made the treaty with the Six Nations, the Wyoming massacre occurred, Nathaniel Hawthorne was born, work on the Erie Canal began, the corner-stone of the first American railroad was laid, Lincoln called for 500,000 troops, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant, three Presidents—Jefferson, Adams and Monroe—died, and the news of the destruction of Cervera's fleet was published—all on the Fourth of July. And the list could easily be lengthened.

Still, it is the day on which the proud bird of freedom screams the loudest, and so we accept it as the date of our patriotic pæans and hosannas. It has changed, as all things do and must. Home runs capture the plaudits the orators used to get, and the small boys are willing to trade their chances of becoming President for a few extra fireworks. The sweet girls who formerly sat in the shade looking unutterable nothings are swiping bits of balls over the undulating landscape, and the romantic swains who wrote verses and made pretty speeches are plunging into the woods or bounding o'er the deep.

This year, however, the day could be made a big one for the patriot. The figures of trade have rushed to the highest totals in the world's history; the recognition of this Government's power and influence has passed all the boundaries of earth; the increase in moral as well as material achievements and resources has been the largest ever known, and Prosperity is capitalized all over the national domain. It is a wonderful development we have reached when we can read of the losses of tens of millions in stock quotations, and from floods and fires and disasters on land and sea, and yet know that all the loss is not a serious fraction of the general gain.

Of course there are a few lamentations. We are getting too commercial; the dollar is our horizon; plutocracy runs rampant; the simplicity of our fathers has gone with their ruffled shirts and their altitudinous beavers, and race suicide is fitting the modern family to the city flat; but these lachrymations and suspirations belong to every age. Heraclitus, the weeping philosopher, is like the poor—he is always with us.

In point of fact, it is a pretty good age. It has its problems, its evils, its wickednesses and its bad tendencies, but on a general average it measures up a little better than it did a year ago or a hundred years ago. Life never was quite so good; it never had so many rewards, comforts or satisfactions. Mankind is higher. Better than that, ideals are loftier and purposes are less selfish.

Furthermore, the future looks all right. There are fine crops in the fields and there is a glory of promise in the sky.

The Problem for Labor Leaders

MR. JOHN MITCHELL, President of the United Mine Workers, commenting upon the statement of Marshall Field that the fear of labor troubles is checking many great projects of improvement, remarks: "One who is planning the erection of a large building or contemplating any other big project entailing great outlay must reckon with labor before he begins."

Naturally; but is that enough? There are many capitalists who would gladly reckon with labor and make all possible concessions to the unions if they knew that this would insure them against interruption to their work. But can Mr. Mitchell give them that assurance?

Suppose a real-estate operator owned a lot suitable for the construction of an office building. Suppose he could borrow a million dollars from the banks at five per cent. to pay the cost and could rent every room in advance, possession to be given on a fixed date. Suppose he were willing to do the work on the strictest union principles, entering into written agreements with the various organizations covering the terms on which the job was to be pushed to completion. Would he have any assurance that his enterprise would not be tied up at any moment by a general strike entirely beyond his control, or by a disturbance among the iron-workers of Pittsburg, or by a refusal of teamsters to deliver the material which his contracts bound him to use, leaving him to pay fifty thousand dollars a year in interest and thousands more in taxes and insurance with no income from his rents?

These are matters which need to be most seriously considered by the unions. What organized labor wants is work under the best possible conditions, not idleness. It wants high wages, and high wages mean industrial activity. A policy that stops activity is the worst possible policy for labor. What is needed is some arrangement by which the employer who is willing to agree upon fair terms with his men can be protected against the consequences of labor wars for which he is not to blame. It is a system under which a contractor can make an estimate in advance of the cost of a job and the time it will take to complete it, and know that as long as he sticks to his agreements he can count on getting the work done at the price and within the time stipulated.

Such a system would be the most effective stimulant to prosperity. The labor leaders cannot devote their minds to any subject more important to their organizations.

Homer and the Housemaids

WE ASKED a question the other day of the ordinary college graduate: "Except for making a front, how much use have your Latin and Greek or your analytic geometry been to you?"

It was not a question likely to receive prompt or enthusiastic answers. Americans have made a fetish of the unregulated book-drilling which they give to the minds of their children and call Education. They will not tolerate any criticism of it. They hold it to be so indubitably a good thing that a dose of it will permanently uplift any boy or girl. It is like the old patent medicines warranted to cure every disease in every patient.

Just look at the facts. Here we have millions of foreign children: Swedes, Russians, Irish and German, besides the swarming myriads of natives, red, white and black, to fit for their future lives. Of this multitude will come a few leaders and teachers for the next generation. Now we give to them all a smattering of the education of teachers and leaders—bits of recondite knowledge, a taste of Greek, a nibble of international law, a whiff of the higher mathematics. We seem to have an idea that any man may be seized on any day by Fate and put into command, and we give them all this ragged coat of shreds and patches of learning so that no man may feel intellectually naked when he is dumped into the White House or on the Supreme Bench.

The plain fact is that three-fourths of these children will be tradesmen, mechanics, laborers, cooks and shopwomen. They have but four short years to master the training which will enable them to earn a living by these trades and to live with intelligence and dignity. Why rob them of this chance to better and widen their lives by cramming them with scraps of knowledge which by no possibility can be of any service to them hereafter? What use can Joe Pratt, who means to be a plumber, make of Homer? Or why should his sister, who is to be a trained nurse, go to a woman's college to study the Semitic tongues?

A few despairing housekeepers in a city in Iowa the other day petitioned the authorities to close the high school, "in order to leave some women in the town who were not unfitted by it for work in the house and kitchen." The appeal was copied throughout the country as a huge joke.

And yet? Has not the old fine art of homemaking fallen into disgrace among us simply because the popular education of woman makes them despise the skilled trades of the needle and the kitchen range? After all, does the well-being of the nation depend on the skill of its women in cookery and baby-raising or on their knowledge of psychology and freehand drawing?

Somebody proposed lately that the boys in a certain high school should be given a course in drainage and sanitary science instead of philosophy, and that the girls in a woman's college should be taught nursing and housekeeping between the courses in the ancient Frisian dialect and Celtic poetry. But the proposal was laughed to scorn.

Our idea of education apparently still is to hint to the pupil what knowledge he will need should he ever develop wings, but to leave him totally unfit to use his hands and feet.

The Flight of the Grafters

LIGHT is breaking through municipal hopelessness. Good men have been declaring that our cities were politically beyond reclaim, that in spite of all that honest citizenship could do, graft would rule, and that every spasm of reform would have its relapse of spoils. Recently there has been an outbreak of horrible examples. Minneapolis, St. Louis, Philadelphia and a few others furnished their outbreaks of shame and shamelessness. Despair became more despairing.

But now there is better news. The law sped not with leaden but with flying feet upon the heels of the Minneapolis criminals, and St. Louis boodlers adjourned to meet in the penitentiary. New York is feeling the influence of General Greene and Philadelphia holds her head a bit higher. There is a pursuit of stolen dollars and there are higher and stronger defenses against franchise grabbers and addition-division and silence contractors.

Still finer is the triumph of the higher sentiment, the uplift brought by civic righteousness. Here we have the new report of the Municipal Voters' League congratulating Chicago on the absence of franchise steals, and finding that more than two-thirds of the aldermen under the new dispensation are worthy of commendation, and that in the whole lot only five are "relics of a malodorous past, remnants of the 'gray-wolf' pack." Surely that is a wonderful gain for municipal integrity and safety.

Then there is the clearer personal appreciation. Mr Hayes, at that time mayor of Baltimore, told how he went about getting the right sort of man to head the construction and engineering department of the city, the department in which the taxpayers' money could be most easily wasted. He found his man in the person of a railroad engineer who knew nothing about practical politics, and this man was able to show four times the work at half the expense. Shortly after Mr. Hayes wrote the article for this magazine there was a bitter political contest, in which the bosses fought him. He was beaten by a small margin, but the bosses had to pick out the best candidate they could find to do it. Recently the new mayor took his chair. The engineer who had made the good record was personally unknown to him and was without political backing of any sort, but one of the very first announcements made by the new mayor was that he would reappoint the engineer and put him at the head of the construction of the city. It was analogous to the case of Colonel Waring—only better, because Colonel Waring was supplanted in his good position.

We all get discouraged sometimes because reform is so slow, but there is no use in doubting the ultimate victory of the right.

And now the right wins easier and quicker than it used to do.

The[illegible] low upon the municipal horizon.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Senator Vest's Farewell

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST, of Missouri, who retired from the Senate on March 4, was broken physically during the last four or five years of his service, but was as vigorous mentally as he was in the days when he was known as the "Little Giant."

Whenever he was able to come to the Senate he sat either at his desk or in the Democratic cloakroom. He walked with difficulty, and was half led and half carried by his aged and faithful retainer, "Jim" Edwards

During the last session of the Congress Mr. Vest made a remarkable fight for the abolition of the duty on coal. He spoke with all his old fire and literally forced the Republican majority to do something. After his most vigorous speech he was supported, exhausted, to the cloakroom. He sat in his accustomed chair, staring at the fire in the grate. A dozen Democratic Senators were there, talking of politics and policies. During a lull in the conversation Senator Vest drew himself up and began reciting, slowly and with much pathos, Tennyson's poem.

Sunset and the evening star
And one clear call for me:
And may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea

The Senator repeated the entire poem. Every man present listened spellbound. It seemed almost like a man reciting his own epitaph. Then "Jim" Edwards came in and took the Senator away and a few days later he went out of public life forever

A St. Patrick's Day Bull

FORMER Senator John M. Thurston brought back from Nebraska what he says is one of the finest specimens extant of the real Irish bull

A bill having something to do with St. Patrick's Day was pending in the Nebraska Senate. There was some opposition. Senator O'Neill, of Lancaster County, rose to speak.

"Mr. President," he said with great declamatory effect, "I hold that every man should be proud of the land of his nativity, whether he was born there or not."

When the Bey of Tunis Ate Apple Pie

ALVEY A. ADEE, Second Assistant Secretary of State, frequently becomes so interested in his work that he forgets to go to luncheon. Mr. Adee is the Government expert on diplomatic phraseology

Recently he gave orders to his messenger to bring in luncheon at one o'clock precisely. "If I am working," said Mr. Adee, "see to it that I stop. If I am writing at my desk put my luncheon down in front of me. I must eat."

Next day the messenger came in with the Secretary's luncheon. It was two sandwiches, a pot of tea and a piece of apple pie. "Here's your luncheon, Mr. Secretary," said the messenger.

Mr. Adee continued writing. Then, following orders, the messenger put the luncheon directly in front of the Secretary Without looking up, Mr. Adee grabbed the server and threw it and the luncheon over his head. The apple pie struck full in the face of the portrait of the Bey of Tunis that hung on the wall.

This story will explain to the future historian who finds in the musty records of the State Department the item: "To extracting one piece of apple pie from the face of the Bey of Tunis, $2.00," what it was all about.

Mr. Bryan's First Bow

WILLIAM J. BRYAN went to Lincoln, Nebraska, to practice law with no assets but a thorough legal education, a large native ability and a talent for public speaking

He made a speech or two in Lincoln, and was then pressed into service by the local Democratic committee for work in a State campaign. He was told to go to a village about twenty miles from Lincoln one night and address the populace on the issues of the day.

Mr. Bryan drove over. It was a long, cold ride. When he arrived at the village he was escorted to the district school building where the meeting was to be held He found that a pompous Irish citizen was to preside

The young lawyer thought it was no more than fair that he should get an advertisement out of the meeting inasmuch as he was to pay his own expenses. He asked the chairman to say, in announcing him: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. William J. Bryan, the rising young attorney from Lincoln, will now address you."

The chairman did not grasp the idea. Mr. Bryan took him out behind the schoolhouse and coached him. After ten minutes' work the chairman seemed letter perfect.

The meeting began. The local orators had their say. Then it was time for Mr. Bryan. The chairman looked at him. Bryan nodded. The chairman stammered, stuttered, and Mr. Bryan prompted: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. William J. Bryan, the rising young attorney of Lincoln ——"

The chairman tried to remember. He couldn't. Then, with a mighty effort he roared: "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr —Mr. —Mr. O'Brien will spake!"

The Roosevelt Diplomacy

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is not impressed with diplomatic forms. When he writes he wastes few words and doesn't bother with the flourishes

At the time the American naval officers were imprisoned in Venice for creating an alleged disturbance Ambassador Meyer was slow to act. Some friends of the officers went to the President and asked him to do something. The President listened, asked a few questions and then wrote this note to Secretary Hay: "Dear Hay: What is Meyer doing? It seems to me he should be stepping lively. T. R."

The Supreme Court on the Fisheries Question

JUDGE STEER, of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, went to Washington to appear before the United States Supreme Court. As he sat waiting to begin his argument he noticed Mr. Justice Shiras smiling and winking at him and making curious signs. Judge Steer smiled and winked back; he and Justice Shiras are old friends

Judge Steer left the Capitol before the court took a recess Presently a messenger from the Supreme Court came into the committee-room of the late Senator McMillan, of Michigan, and asked for Judge Steer.

"He isn't here," said the clerk "Who wants him?"

"Mr. Justice Shiras has very particular business with him," the messenger replied

The clerk searched for Judge Steer. Then he went to Justice Shiras and told him Steer was not to be found and, thinking there was some grave legal question involved, offered to take a message to Judge Steer.

"I wish you would," said Justice Shiras. "It is very important. I want to ask him how the trout are rising in that stream up in the Peninsula where he and I fished last spring"

Mark Twain's Stolen Speech

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW and Mark Twain went abroad once on the same ship. When they were four days out somebody gave a dinner and invited both.

Speechmaking time came. Mark Twain had the first chance. He spoke twenty minutes and made a great hit Then it was Mr. Depew's turn.

The canny New Yorker arose and said: "Mr Toastmaster and Ladies and Gentlemen: I have a confession to make Before this dinner Mark Twain and myself made an agreement to trade speeches. He has just delivered my speech, and I thank you for the pleasant manner in which you received it. I regret to say that I have lost the manuscript of his speech and cannot remember anything he was to say."

Depew sat down. There was much laughter. Next day an Englishman who was in the party came across Mark Twain in the smoking-room. "Mr. Clemens," he said, "I consider you were much imposed upon last night. I have always heard that Mr. Depew is a clever man, but, really, that speech of his you made last night struck me as being the most infernal rot."

The Key to Senator Hoar's Feelings

FREQUENTERS of the Senate galleries at Washington have learned that the barometer of the feelings of Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, is a bunch of keys. There are six or seven of these keys on a plain steel ring. When the Senator is at peace with himself and mankind he takes out the keys, slips the ring over the first finger of his left hand and examines each key with loving care.

When something he does not like is said in debate he twirls the keys rapidly on his finger, the momentum increasing in direct ratio to the inaccuracy or offensiveness of the statement. If it seems necessary to reply, the Senator drops the bunch on his desk with a jingle. That is the signal that somebody is to be taken to task.

The Donkey and the Geyser

DURING one of his visits to the Yellowstone Park, Frederick Remington, the artist, was invited by Captain Scott, then in command of the Park, to join an expedition to a new geyser. One of the guides solemnly asserted he had discovered a geyser that had two spouts and that when the water gushed up the spouts formed a cross of St. Andrew fifty feet in the air.

Remington took a camera and the party started. The trail was hard and the climb exhausting. Remington took snapshots at the animals and the scenery. When they reached the camping-ground nearest the place where the guide said the geyser was spouting crossways everybody but Remington rushed pell-mell to see if it gave evidences of working.

Captain Scott came back in an hour and shouted to Remington: "Come on; she's going to spout pretty soon and we want to get some pictures!"

Remington was sprawled on his back looking at the sky. "Sorry," he said, "but I haven't any films left."

"Haven't any films left?" panted Scott. "Why, you saved four for this very thing."

"I know," drawled Remington, "but I couldn't resist taking four snapshots of my donkey."

The Baldest Man in the Senate

SENATOR MALLORY, of Florida, is the baldest man in the Senate. Just before the close of the past session of Congress he noticed a page whose hair grows in front in what old-fashioned folk call a "cow-lick."

"Son," said Senator Mallory, "you should get that cow-lick straightened out. Just think what a fine chance it will give your wife after you get married."

"Senator," asked the boy meekly, "is that the way you lost your hair?"

The Prince of Compromise

SENATOR JOHN C. SPOONER, of Wisconsin, is a great theoretical compromiser. When an important measure is pending he goes about and talks to everybody, asks for suggestions and makes them, sympathizes with the Democrats and condoles with the Republicans who are opposed, if there are any. Then, when it comes time to vote, he votes with his party.

During the past session he had a heart-to-heart talk with Senator Berry, of Arkansas, on a pending measure. It was a fine brotherly conversation. When the vote came, Spooner voted against every Democratic amendment and for the bill.

"Drat that man Spooner!" exclaimed Berry. "He can talk fairer and vote meaner than any man I ever knew."

Where Politics Were Barred

WHEN the coal strike settlement was on in Washington President Roosevelt and Secretary Root had several vigorous clashes over methods of procedure. While these engagements were at their most exciting point Postmaster-General Payne gave a dinner to the President and, of course, invited Secretary Root.

"Certainly I'll come," Mr. Root replied to the invitation. "I am glad to embrace an opportunity to meet the President on a friendly basis."

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A Washington lady says: "I had lost two children from marasmus, or wasting away, before my little boy Maurice came, and when I found nothing agreed with him in the way of food you can imagine how I felt.

"No food seemed to satisfy his little stomach as he would bite his fingers and appeared to be slowly starving to death, crying all the time. It was pitiable to see and hear him, and when he was seven months old I certainly thought I would lose him. It was then my sister begged me to try Grape-Nuts, which I did, using three tablespoonfuls covered with a half pint of scalded milk and a half pint of boiling water, which, after standing awhile, was strained and fed from the bottle.

"From this time baby began to improve and he took absolutely no other food until I weaned him from the bottle. He could not take milk in any form except on Grape-Nuts. He is now in good health, strong and sturdy, and nearly three years old, and I am very proud indeed of my Grape-Nuts boy." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

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Talks with a Kid Brother

BY JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

The Best Thing in the World

I KNEW something of this sort was about due Of course, it would have been preferable if it had come a little earlier in your college course. But I knew better than to try to force it on in these powwows with you For it's one of those things every man has to learn for himself. However, I am glad it has come at last. I am glad to hear that you have made the great discovery that, "after all, a man comes to college to study." How did you find it out?

I suppose it is because you are now beginning the fourth and last lap of the race that you have suddenly taken to looking back over your course, and sigh at having loitered so much along the way. Possibly it is because you have at last become a man and desire to put away childish things. Well, you have, to be sure, lost a great many prizes, but you have gained certain things, too

And as long as you will never have a chance to run the race over, and as you cannot entirely make up, in this one sober year left, all that you lost in the other three rollicking ones, why, quit worrying over it and think occasionally about what you have gained instead of what you've lost. One's mistakes should not be dignified by so much attention as we are inclined to give them. You have to pay for what you get in the college world as well as in the big one. If you had got more out of your studies you might have got less out of your fellow-students. Who is it—Emerson?—says that a young man goes to teachers for instruction but it's his fellow-pupils that educate him.

Much of the time you were not poling but ought to have been was spent in running athletics, which is a good experience. If you had devoted yourself to books to the entire exclusion of beer and skittles you might have postponed the evil day of puppishness to a more unbecoming age. If you had fastened your eye on literary prizes you might not have done so much miscellaneous reading—though the Lord knows you haven't done much. And finally, if you had poured all your attention and admiration upon your teachers you might not have made so many good friends.

Some fellows can get the cream of both things. The leader of our class happened also to be the best of fellows and truest of friends, but I don't believe you could have led the class if you wanted to, and I'm sure you would not have tried to if it had been at the risk of missing Dan and Tom and Shorty and Jim who overran the house last summer After all, friends and what they do to you are about the best and most lasting things most of us get out of a college course or any other course.

Now, there is much nonsense spoken and written about this thing called friendship. Generally those who do the most talking know the least about it—that's the reason, I suppose. For if they had the real thing they would perceive that it was too fine to be dissected Speaking of Emerson, by the way, his essay on this subject seems to me a good case in point. He gives us a lot of what you and I might irreverently call "Hot air"—wonderfully written hot air—about friendship as it might be among people who lived in the stars, but it does not seem to me to have much relation to the real, practicable, warm, useful, bully good thing which, you and I know, can and does exist among exceedingly human individuals

Of course, it may be because you are only a kid and I am only a plain, ordinary business man that we do not find ourselves capable of appreciating all that esoteric Ralph Waldoism; but it would take a great deal to convince me that my friends do not mean a heap more to me than his ever did to him, who said, "I please my imagination more with a circle of godlike men and women variously related to each other, and between whom subsists a lofty intelligence." He has disciples, intellectual associates, soul comrades, no doubt, but friends? He was a genius; he was no friend.

Of course it must be fine to be "godlike" and to have a "lofty intelligence," but so few of us are and have, that this sort of thing puts false ideals in young people's heads which jar them when they flop down to plain earth. Unless you can manage to live among stars it's rather futile to hitch your wagon to one of them.

However that may be, I knew of one case where the hifalutin, girly girly gush about capital F friendship as depicted in novels produced not merely an absurd but a pathetic result.

Once there were two "Friends" here in college—roommates; and they both wanted the same thing. One of them got it by being a blackguard. To be specific, it was a prize they were after and the essays which they handed in—anonymously, of course—were written on their common typewriter. They were the only two competitors. One of the essays was a plagiarism. The judges discovered it, summoned the two contestants and confronted them with the fact. Being terribly rattled and at bay, the cribber lied, like the thieving hound he was. "I wrote the other essay," he said, and told the title of it in corroboration. Accordingly they gave the prize to him; and to the other, who was white and ghastly, they gave a contemptuous look

An hour later the two roommates met in their rooms. The thief and liar, now being the cooler of the two, said, "Well, here we are; what are you going to do about it?"

The other "drew himself up to his full height" and spoke. "Nothing, Charles; you are my friend!"—which he had read in a book.

He did not do this because he loved "Charles"; naturally he hadn't much use for him any more; but he thought he was doing the fine, magnanimous, grand-stand thing, and he loved that. He had the self-conscious satisfaction of living up to an ideal of friendship as exemplified in romance. And, let me tell you, all the time he was doing it and exulting in his heroism he was secretly expecting and counting upon the day of triumph when "all would be revealed and righted" as in the last chapters. But this was not the world of romance but of reality. That day never came. After several years he became tired of waiting, sick of his undeserved disgrace, and, in short, found the rôle of hero wasn't what it was cracked up to be. So one day at the decennial reunion of the class he turned up and made a little speech. "I know you are all surprised to see me here. I know you think I have no right to show my face, but I have. I hate to do my old friend Charlie a bad turn, but the fact of the matter is he was guilty of the thing for which I have suffered so long and the time has come when he must confess it."

Whereupon Charlie brought suit for libel, and as his accuser had no shred of evidence to back the serious accusation he was obliged to pay $5000 damages, which broke him, and which Charlie "with characteristic generosity forthwith turned over to charity," the newspapers said, which had given the case extensive notoriety. Charlie became a prominent and successful citizen. The other sank out of sight and soon died in disgrace and poverty. The wicked wouldn't flourish so much if people did not imagine such vain things

I may just add that a few years later Charlie also died, and among his papers was found the original draft of the innocent essay, which he had, with characteristic foresight, filched from his roommate's desk upon the discovery of the plagiarism. It was unmistakably in the latter's handwriting, as was afterward proved beyond peradventure. Why Charlie had preserved instead of destroyed this damaging bit of evidence was shown by the inscription on the envelope—in his own handwriting "I do solemnly swear to produce this document at the decennial reunion of my class, and to make such other amends as shall be decided by a committee of the class." Through which he had afterward drawn his pen and added, "Changed my mind owing to an unforeseen circumstance," meaning that the other man took the floor a few minutes too soon

A disquieting story, I admit, and an extreme case, but it illustrates what I mean by the mawkish, maudlin thing in friendship, as it is sometimes depicted in books—often by men who know better but who want to make us see how lofty their ideals are. It was not friendship that made that poor devil take the step which ruined his life; it was a sickly sentimentality. He did not care so much to

Editor's Note—This is the concluding paper of Mr. Williams' series.

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do Charlie a good turn as to do the hero act There are times when good old human nature is a better guide for our actions than the unnatural humanity of novels

I don't see how there can be much of the real thing there when a man has to poke himself, and say, "Now, then, let's see: what is my duty as a friend?"

It would be as bad as a man's asking himself, "How ought a gentleman to act?" You ought to want to do it; your heart ought to make you jump at it without submitting the matter to your head at all. If you deliberate you are lost, as a friend

Of course, I do not mean to say that the poor devil I told you about ought to have yearned to have Charlie beat him in the contest for which they were both supposed to be working in earnest man-fashion. On the contrary, it goes without saying that it was quite right and normal to prefer to win out himself, and, moreover, to prefer not to take the blame under the circumstances, for something he did not do, and thus bring undeserved disgrace upon his innocent old mother. Besides which we, too, are human beings and have some rights. They ought to be respected by ourselves. Oh, the trouble with so much of this friendship business is that it is a pose

This is the sensible way two of the best friends I know came together. During the summer vacation of Junior year one of them wrote a letter to the other saying that the college authorities had notified him that owing to the growth of the student body and the consequent demand for rooms he would be obliged to get a new roommate—his former chum had left college to study music—or else vacate the suite. Three rooms were too many for a rather small man. "Now I should much prefer to room alone than with you," he wrote, "but those quarters sort of suit me, and I don't like the idea of overhauling my things and moving. So, as long as I've got to have a roommate, I'd like to have you if you care to join me."

To this the other replied. "I don't want to room with you, though I like you; but I don't like my present rooms and I am willing to try you for a year upon condition that we call it off if we don't suit each other." It is partly, though only partly, because they have gone on that same frank basis ever since that they hit it off so well to this day, and always will, I suppose

As you know, I do not believe in the disgusting and unnecessary habit of habitual and promiscuous candor in which some people indulge themselves with considerable self-satisfaction, and usually, I observe, with a conscious smirk which means, "I am honest, I am " There are lies which are founded on the highest Christian principle, namely, that of self-sacrifice for the benefit of others' feelings. It's largely in the motive whether a lie is right or wrong. It was not right in the case of Charlie's roommate. The lie was not so much due to a generous impulse as to a deliberate intention of acting the part of a friend as acted upon the stage. And imitation, while sometimes noble, is not what you want or what you can comfortably lean upon in a friend. If you can't be honest with your friend, then he is not your friend—or else you are not his.

When your old pals, tried and true, can see you succeed and hear you praised and honestly feel glad about it clear inside, then they are pretty likely to be your real friends, especially if they are in a similar line of business. Contrary to the proverbial way of stating the case, it is not on the sunken rocks of misfortune but on the conspicuous Gibraltars of success that many friendships are broken. It isn't necessary, even if it were probable, for you to have these grand-stand tests you read about in books; if you can stand the everyday trial of seeing your friends get ahead of you, then you will pass the examination.

But we hate to acknowledge even to ourselves that we are at fault, that we are the least bit envious, or even that our conviction of the other fellow's swelliheadedness is a hastily formed conclusion. He is so irritatingly successful and we have missed it, and confound him, anyway!

If he has become grave and reserved in these years of hard work and success we are sure he is conceited and intolerable. If he is suave and smiling we are sure to detect a patronizing note. Who is *he*, to be patronizing us? Why, we can remember when—and so on. If he is hurt and draws in when we have taken great pains to show him that we are not tickled to death merely because he likes us--there! didn't we tell you he was haughty and queer? And if he overlooks our snubs—Hah! I suppose he thinks *he* can afford to be magnanimous to us

And so on. As a man grows older he finds that he has fewer real friends than he thought he had, and that it takes only a trifling puff of success to blow away some of those he had not thought were chaff. You have to pay for success as well as for everything else in the world, but that is only right and reasonable

"Laugh and the world laughs with you weep and you weep alone," has been accepted as a truism, and yet I have observed that most of us find it much easier to weep with them that weep than to rejoice with them that do rejoice, though weeping is a disagreeable process and smiling rather pleasant. This maudlin world is pretty generous in his sympathy with your sorrows, if you will but voice them loud enough; but you get precious little of it for your triumphs—even when you say nothing about 'em. A mere acquaintance will supply sympathy for your troubles. Some people find all they want of it in smoking-cars. But it takes a real friend to be glad when you are glad

Walk along the street and hear the pennies jingle in the beggar's tin cup. But on the very next corner we read on a news bulletin that Buller Wall has cleverly cleaned up a million or so in the Stock Exchange, or that young Mr. So-and-So has scored a hit in Hamlet, and how many of us care a hang about it. At best we say "Huh" and walk on. Yet both of these chaps, presumably, worked for what they have achieved, while the beggar gets his pathos by abstaining from working. Nothing succeeds like a failure, as the Hester Street clothing merchant once remarked. "We give pennies and sympathy both to the beggar who wants only our pennies. To Success, which would like merely a little of the other, we give neither."

Success doesn't need it? I have an idea it is a more available asset for success than it ever can be for failure. Sympathy alone does failure very little good, but it is sympathy only, good will, approbation, that success really needs in its business as much as other sorts of growth need sunshine. Without it moreover, what is the use of making the business so successful? If our friends aren't going to share the fun of it with us—if we aren't going to have any friends—where would we find any real success in success?

"In this I had I have been anticipated by Aristotle," a dear old professor of ours used to say. In one respect I have been anticipated by the very poet of peace and concord whom you and I patronized so complacently a while ago. So much is being said about him these days that I suppose his centennial bacillus has got into my blood, too. Well, there was this difference at least: Emerson talked about friendship and thought he could define it; I talk about it and know I can't. Even while I was talking I was reminded that there were certain friends of mine who wouldn't feel especially jubilant if I were ever lucky enough to make a ten-strike. And yet they are bully good fellows all the same, and I mean to keep and call them friends as long as they let me. There are flaws in all human relations. But that's no reason for not swearing by them. All we really know is that there is such a thing as real friendship. It's there. It's a great, fine thing. Some of us are lucky enough to have it. Others never can get it. You, I believe, are by way of knowing the real thing. It's a great possession. Hang on to it

You are a rather crude young person. You don't know much. You have been a great fool in a great many ways. You have neglected opportunities which will never come again. But though much culture has not stuck to you from your studies, yet I am pleased to observe that a lot of character has been pounded into you, chiefly by your friends. It is within your power to keep up both your friends and your character. And so, when you are blue during these last months of your college course you may tell yourself that, after all, character is better than culture and friendship than much fine learning. I sha'n't see you again till you are graduated

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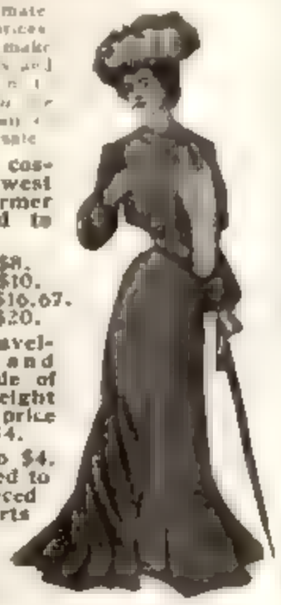

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The Reading Table

Western Wolf Hunting

OUT in the plains of Colorado, Montana and Wyoming, where the cattle roam in vast herds, wolves are making themselves exceedingly troublesome. They, especially the large black wolves, seem actually to be increasing in numbers, notwithstanding the utmost efforts on the part of stockmen to destroy them, and the loss occasioned by their ravages is in the aggregate very great

The brutes are so cunning that it is almost impossible to kill them. They will not touch poisoned meat, and traps, no matter how seductively baited, offer no temptation to them. The only way to catch them is to go after them with dogs, and for this purpose a mixed pack is usually employed, comprising three or four greyhounds, some hounds of other kinds, and, last but not least, a bullpup—it doesn't matter just what strain of bullpup so long as the animal has the fighting blood in him.

The greyhounds are for running down the wolf; the other hounds help in surrounding and cornering him, and the bullpup is relied upon to do the most important part of what remains

When the wolf has been cornered and surrounded the bullpup is about half a mile behind, usually; but he is coming on for all he is worth. Meanwhile the other dogs do not dare to attack the wolf; they just sit around and look at him, with their tongues hanging out. A black wolf at bay is a dangerous beast. Five minutes elapse, perhaps, and then the bullpup appears on the scene He has only one idea, and that he proceeds to put into action with the least possible delay. He dashes right through the ring of dogs, straight for the quarry

When he gets his hold, the other dogs take courage and rush in. There is a sharp fight, and presently the wolf is dead. But in the mean time, before the hounds reach the wolf, the latter has leisure to bestow a few brisk moments of concentrated attention on the brave bullpup. That bullpup is not likely to be of any use for hunting purposes for three or four weeks afterward. At the end of this period, however, if he survives, he is ready for business again, and as eager as ever to tackle the next wolf

Ordinarily, the bullpup does not outlast more than three wolf hunts. The sport is too strenuous. Consequently there has come to be a great scarcity in the plains of dogs of bull blood, and the price of them has gone so high that it hardly pays any longer to chase wolves in the manner described.

A Portable Birthplace

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, at a dinner recently given in New York, told of an amusing before-the-curtain speech that was delivered by the lamented "Billy" Florence on the occasion of a production of The Rivals by the two comedians in question

Said Mr. Florence: "It is to this city, and to you, ladies and gentlemen, that I owe whatever measure of success I have achieved in my profession. We knew one another as boys and girls. We played together under the shadow of the old church As to this warm welcome from my old friends—what expression can I give to the emotion which fills my heart? Believe me, I shall never forget the good people of Hartford."

Whereupon a voice from the front row said: "Mr. Florence, this is New Haven"

"Of course, of course," stammered Florence, "I meant New Haven, of course!"

An Imitation Luncheon

A NEW YORK clubman, who is in a way a wag, gave a novel "bachelor light luncheon" at his rooms to several of his friends Not an item on the menu was what it purported to be. None of them was harmful, except to one's sensibilities. The butter was no other than cowfats flavored with butyric ether. The salad oils were corn oil; the spices of peanut or other hulls. The "health bread was of deodorized cottonseed meal with other admixtures, "home made." The coffee was of hard, dried and roasted sweet potatoes, chickory flavored. The cordials and whiskies were pure chemical concoctions made largely from wood alcohol, capsicum and coloring matter. The meats were real, but not of the animals or other sources from which they purported to have come. Veal, for instance, was turned into venison; pork to chicken salad; corned beef into highly flavored deviled crabs. The event passed off without a hint of displeasure or a sign of distress. The glum faces later were due entirely to a literal translation of the menu card which the host subsequently sent to each guest. This comment was attached: "At this time when we are talking about the public health, cowfat, tallow, bleached, painted, powdered and other food frauds and deceptions, one need not feel so squeamish after having labored for an hour or more to fill up on them and spent a week, after digesting them in waiting for this evil aftermath." He also inclosed a card. On this he penned the reply of the fastidious college Miss who, when asked if she would have more turkey, said "Gastronomic satiety admonishes me that I have arrived at the ultimate stage of deglutition consistent with dietetic integrity."

The Thick of the Fight

SENATOR CULLOM is fond of relating the following anecdote of cosmopolitan politics.

"In Chicago, last fall, a friend of mine was recently elected as a member of the Board of Aldermen. In conversation with another friend, the new alderman remarked that he had been chosen by the votes of nine nationalities

"'Indeed!' said the second friend, 'and may I ask what are those nationalities?'

"'German, Irish, Italian, English, French, Polish, Greek, Swedish.'

"'But you have named only eight nationalities,' said the other; 'what was the ninth?'

"The alderman reflected for a moment, then ran over his list again, counting on his fingers. 'That's odd,' he said, perplexed; 'there was certainly a ninth nationality. What could it have been?'

"'Perhaps,' suggested another gentleman, who, just coming up, overheard the last part of the conversation, 'perhaps there were Americans.'

"'Upon my soul, you've struck it!' exclaimed the new alderman, 'but do you know, I couldn't think of them to save me!'"

Chesterfield and the Bluebottle

DURING his recent visit to Washington Doctor Lorenz, the famous Viennese surgeon, related, in the course of a conversation touching upon the subject of cruelty to animals an amusing story of Doctor Gruby, of Paris.

The French physician, who is famous for his efforts toward the better protection of animals from cruelty, is logical enough to include insects in his category of mercy. One day, however, the good doctor was rendered exceedingly nervous by the buzzing on a window-pane of a big "bluebottle" fly. Ringing his bell, the doctor directed the attendant who answered the call "to open the window and carefully put that fly outside."

The servant invited the physician's attention to the fact that it was raining, saying at the same time that the fly would, of course, be drenched by the downpour.

"True, true," murmured Doctor Gruby, a bit perplexed for a moment Then, after a minute's cogitation, he added triumphantly: "Put him in the waiting-room, where he may remain until the weather be fair!"

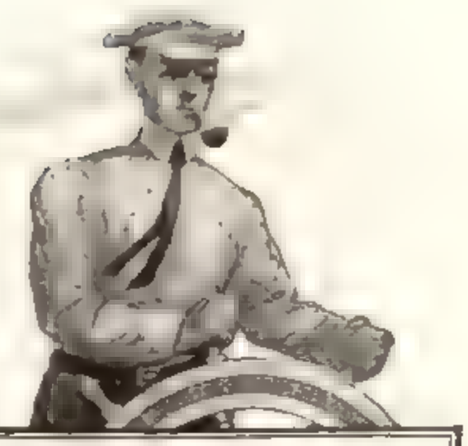
Risky Legal Assets

THE venerable Senator Vest, who retired in March last by reason of continued ill-health, was once a member of a commission in Missouri appointed to examine youthful applicants for admission to the bar. Among those that appeared before this commission was a young man who failed ignominiously on all that pertained to jurisprudence, case law, civil law, sumptuary law, unwritten law, and due process of law. It seems that Mr. Vest, in the kindness of his heart, finally asked the youth:

"In what would you like to be examined? I am sorry to say that in everything we have questioned you on you have failed."

"I should like," replied the youngster, "to be tried on the statutes; I'm up on them"

Vest shook his head solemnly. "My dear young friend," said he, "I doubt that you will do for the law. It may be that you are exceedingly familiar with the statutes, but what is to prevent a fool legislature from repealing all you know?"



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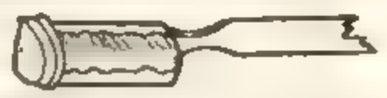

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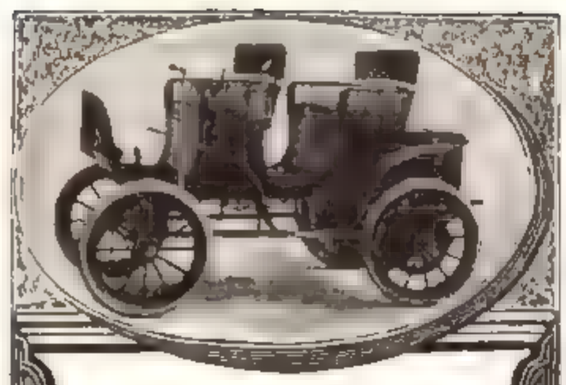

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Oddities and Novelties of Every-Day Science

AN AUTOMATIC FIRE-KINDLER — It never sleeps over in the morning or forgets to look to the stove.

AN AUTOMATIC fire-kindler, the operation of which is regulated by an ordinary alarm-clock, will doubtless appeal to every person whose duties include getting up early to start the fire in the kitchen stove

With this new contrivance installed in a house it is necessary, upon retiring, simply to assemble the fuel in the stove or any fireplace, connect an attachment to the clock, and set the latter at any required hour. When the alarm sounds, a fulminate is ignited, which, communicating with an inflammable substance in the stove, range, furnace or grate, immediately starts the fire. By the time the householder or servant is up, the fire is burning briskly and the water boiling

It is claimed that these new devices may be so set that they will automatically start fires wherever wanted and thus have a home thoroughly heated before the occupants stir from their beds.

From the back of the clock used in connection with the automatic fire-kindler extends a shaft, on which is mounted a rotary friction-disk or pulley, the periphery of which is milled, or otherwise designed to create friction when rotated in contact with a relatively stationary member. By the operation of a pivotal arm, a lug and spring, and other attachments in connection with the rotary disk, this entire external mechanism is set in motion when the alarm is released.

Instantly a fuse, with an easily ignitable fulminate at its end and held in place in a slot opening against the friction-wheel, is set afire. The flame, properly confined within the metallic slot, travels instantly over the inflammable strand, which is saturated with a free-burning ingredient. The clock may be set on a nearby shelf, or on the back of the stove or a furnace projection. As even a small and cheap alarm-clock may be utilized, and as the tube-incased fire strand may be safely controlled, that part of the problem is very simple

Moreover, any kind of kindling substance ordinarily used may be utilized. The fuse may be employed merely to ignite paper under the regulation kindling-wood fire with coal or cordwood on top. In such cases the action is similar to that of a match, or rather, of several matches lighted simultaneously, and burning longer than ordinary matches

THE GOLDEN EGG OF FACT — Some astonishing figures of the relation of the hen to prosperity.

ONE of the most important sources of our country's wealth is the great American hen. The incubator has enabled her to devote her whole time to the production of eggs, the output of which, this year, will represent a value of about $145,000,000. If the value of chickens be added, it appears that investment in poultry stock in the United States yields a regular income of 400 per cent. annually. What other form of enterprise bears comparison with this in point of profit?

If figures are wanted for proof, they are given in the forthcoming Year Book of the Department of Agriculture, which will state that there are now in this country 251,000,000 fowls, worth $70,000,000, producing for market in one year poultry worth $137,000,000 and eggs worth $145,000,000. In the production of eggs Iowa leads and Ohio comes second, with Illinois third and Missouri fourth. Eggs are dearest in Nevada, where the average price is twenty-one cents a dozen, and cheapest in Texas, where they cost less than eight cents

During the present year more than two hundred eggs will be laid for every inhabitant of the United States. The value of the egg product will about equal the combined gold and silver product of this country for 1903. There will be produced on farms during the twelvemonth about 45,000,000 crates of thirty dozen eggs each. An ordinary refrigerator car holds 400 crates, which means that a train of these cars long enough to carry the eggs laid this year would be 870 miles in length, and, if made continuous, would reach from Chicago to Washington, with several miles of cars to spare.

Texas has the most turkeys (650,000), with Illinois second. Kentucky leads in the number of geese (542,000), with Missouri second. As to ducks, Iowa is ahead (388,000), with Illinois second. It is very seldom that the eggs of the turkey and goose are found in the market, and duck eggs are sold only in limited quantities. About six million dozen of hen's eggs will be exported this year to foreign countries.

Nearly all of the fowls in this country are kept in small numbers on farms, where they pick up their own living and receive practically no care. This is why the eggs are produced at so small a cost. It is likely that within the next twenty-five years the poultry industry of the United States will develop enormously, and that before long we shall ship immense quantities of chickens and eggs to other parts of the world

THE NEGLECTED BEAN — Long looked down upon, it is showing itself to be the chiefest of the better-known legumes.

IMPORTANT both from an economic and dietary standpoint is the marked gain in popularity during the past five or six years of the several varieties of the ordinary bean, *Faba vulgaris*. The phenomenal current increase both in the yield and price of this well-known legume is due to the rapidly-spreading recognition of its value as a nutrient for man, and to the further knowledge, extending among farmers, that the damaged beans, known as cull beans, which are not sent to market, possess great value as food for stock. Recent experiments conducted under official auspices by agricultural chemists disclose that cull beans contain 21.60 per cent. of protein as compared with 11.80 per cent. in oats and 10.60 per cent. in corn Even bean straw was found to contain three times as much protein as oat straw, twice as much as cornstover and a third more than timothy hay. As it has been shown by experimental tests that protein is the most valuable constituent of stock foods, and as it is the most expensive element entering into the diet of horses and cattle, the high proportion of this valuable substance found in cull beans and bean hay is making the cultivation of this legume an exceedingly profitable industry to farmers, for the by-products are scarcely less valuable than the crop itself

Recent tests of bean hay revealed the further interesting fact that it contains 39.70 per cent. of carbohydrates, as compared with 34 per cent. in cornstover, and that in the total per cent. of digestible nutrients bean straw is superior to a great number of foods for sheep and cattle—in fact, so rich in quality that the experimenting scientists recommend that it be fed diluted with other farm products.

The growing recognition of the value of the by-products does not, however, explain the remarkable increase in the market price of the bean itself. Within five years, in some of the principal markets of the United States, the price of beans has increased over 450 per cent., rising from 85 cents a bushel in 1897 to $3.84 in 1902; and, where they sell by the pound, rising from $1 55 a hundredweight in 1897 to $5 and $6 in 1902

This unusual progress in the popularity of a farm product might, at first thought, be supposed to follow a corresponding decrease in production. On the contrary there has been an enormous increase in the yield, every year witnessing an extension of the American bean crop area. The twelfth census shows that the increase of the decade in the bean crop of Michigan alone was 316.2 per cent, while in Florida, where bean crops average 19.2 bushels to the acre, the increase reached the amazing total of 2566 per cent. In 1899 the amount of beans produced in the United States was 5,064,844 bushels

Now, in New York State alone, the yield of bean fields has grown to a total of 2,000,000 bushels annually. Dr. J. L. Stone, of Cornell, in speaking of the bean crop of that State, calls attention to the great extension throughout the country districts of "bean houses" in which the agents of dealers buy up the product, making it unnecessary for the farmers to ship to market

The growing popularity of the bean, which is finding its way to the table of various classes of society, is welcomed by agricultural scientists, and particularly by plant pathologists and chemists, who state that this legume, when properly prepared, takes a foremost place among the most acceptable, healthful and nutritious articles of diet

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Literary Folk
Their Ways and Their Work

RACE BOOKS

THERE is a certain strange kind of book which appears at long intervals here and there in the world that ought not to be read or judged like any other.

These books differ from all the vast output of literary work from the human brain as the heather on a Scotch hill or the orchid in a tropical swamp differs from cultured garden flowers. Each of the garden-plants and the great mass of books has a living seed in it which has been nurtured and cultivated and tamed by skill, education and certain artificial conditions.

But the heather and orchid sprout and thrust themselves by force out of hillside and swamp: they will live, they will not down. And each of these strange books we are talking of was born, not made. It is the child of a race. It starts into being, speaking the language of an individual people. It is red with human blood.

As you listen to its message you do not once think of the man who wrote it. His tribe speaks through it; they betray to you in it the faith, the passion and the habits which set them apart from other tribes. Just as the oak forests, rotting for centuries in an Irish bog, send up a little strange-colored fungus to tell that they are still alive.

Oddly enough, the books which have been written with the deliberate purpose of expressing the character of a nation never have done it.

One of the four or five great geniuses sent to lighten the world made it the task of his life to paint the portrait of his race that all coming ages might know and honor it. He called on its present and bygone history for his characters; he sketched them with unflinching truth; he opened the doors of heaven and hell to throw fit lights and shadows on his canvas. He has left an immortal picture of his own personal whims and his loves and hates, but of his race he has shown us nothing. It is Dante, not Tuscany, which will live forever in that book.

And then comes along a scampish, vulgar fellow who had an ember of the true fire burning in his brain and he undertakes to tell his own story. He embellishes it with many brags and smirks and lies; he chatters of his fights, his wanderings, his loves, his indecencies, and, now and then, of the agony of soul with which he wrought out his work—his work which the world keeps now among her chief treasures.

And when he had ended his race had spoken! The Italian of the sixteenth century was alive in the world again and is here for all time.

Lamartine undertook to speak for France in the world's council. He drove his Muse (a feminine, dainty little Muse she was, with *nez retroussé* and coquettish eyes) to prophesy, to utter tragic cries and wise maxims, to force her breast down upon a thorn like the nightingale to give truth to her lamentations.

But the world only nodded good-naturedly and went on its way. It knew that it was only Lamartine who spoke in these delicate, skillful utterances—never France.

Long afterward came Zola, who sent a sudden flood of words into the world. There was panting, breathless ambition in them, there were delicate, pure fancies, holy family love, filthy passions, and, behind all, shrewd calculation of gain.

Nothing just like that utterance had ever been heard in France. The public, as it chose, loved or despised Zola. But it never doubted that the original Gaul spoke through him—the man who serves his old mother with patient tenderness until she sinks into the grave; who washed his hands in the blood of Kings and set up a higher throne before the blood was dry on them; the man who sings the praise of Nature and Yvette Guilbert in the same breath, the most gay and melancholy of all the human family—the riddle among men. Zola has given him a tongue.

Then, again, there was little Tommy Moore, who once cried out that he would be the spokesman for Ireland. He took her native music, the inarticulate, melancholy strains sounded by the old harpers as they wandered over bogs and mountains, and fitted them to pretty tinkling rhymes. Then he skipped lightly from London drawing-rooms to Paris salons, singing them. He was the Bard of Erin, he told the amused, applauding world;

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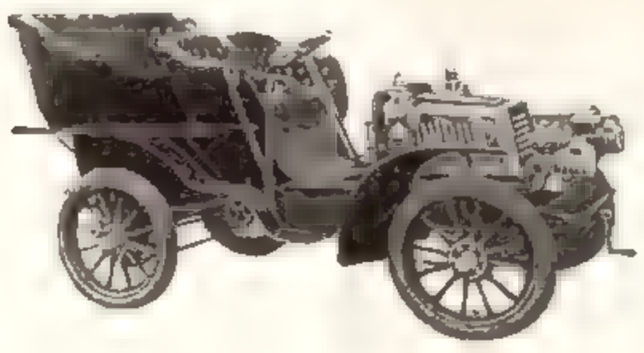

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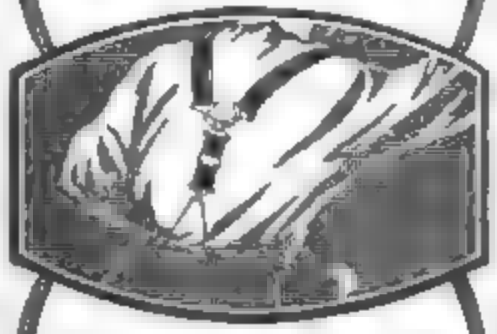

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He meant well. His songs were sweet and dainty. But what had the gram Celt with the blood of the Desmonds or their slaughtered kernes in his veins—nursing his grudge against the rubber Saxon from the days of Raleigh until now—to do with this plump, cheery little son of a Dublin grocer, chirping his ditties to modern belles and beaux?

Moore was in no sense a spokesman for the Irish race. Neither was Lever, nor Miss Edgeworth, nor Trollope, nor the kindly Halls husband and wife, all of whom ever gotten merrily set forth "Paddy" to the public with much humor and pathos, calling attention with many a sly nod and wink to his sharp wit, his ignorance, his absurdity, his rags and drunkenness.

The only book which before this generation spoke for the Irish race was Sir Jonah Barrington's Sketches of His Times. He bares their life to us. There are the tumble-down old castles and their inmates who traced their blood back to Phœnician kings affectionate, generous and superstitious. They had wit and fancy. Curran, Burke, Swift were of this family. They had the passions and the cruelty of brutes. Barrington tells us with pride that when his elder brother came of age he, with eleven other young men of high birth, shut themselves up in the huntsman's cottage with a cow freshly butchered, a hogshead of claret, a side of bacon and whisky galore. The gates were locked. The cooks broiled slices of the beef and fetch and the young men ate and slept, and gorged themselves again, all being drunk from the beginning of the feast until the last. The "celebration" lasted twelve days. No one was allowed to open the doors until there was not left a morsel of food nor a drop of liquor in the house.

Barrington does not suspect any coarseness in the lives of his people. It was his life. His book is a race book.

Miss Jane Barlow now writes of the same people with keen and subtle discrimination. But she is not one of them. She is a great artist painting a picture of a subject foreign to herself.

But Sir Jonah gloats over the filthy jokes which he and his kinsfolk made, his eyes fill with tears at their slavery and their heroic courage, he deafens us as he yells the slogan of his clan.

Miss Barlow's eyes plead with us for pity as she lays bare the misery, the courage and the tenderness of this people.

But no sympathy, no study nor literary skill will produce a race book. They grow, they cannot be manufactured.

A little volume was published in 1901. The Wooing of Sheila, by Grace Rhys (*Henry Holt & Co.*), in which we hear at last the genuine voice of the Celt.

The book has attracted little notice. It was not scholarly. It could boast of no clever manipulation. A plain, fierce, tender love story, there was no more filthy suggestion in it than in the love history of a flower.

Now, during the last few years the sudden great prosperity of this country has enabled a large class of Americans to buy and read books who never before had time or money to spend on them, and an enormous crop of novels and essays, weak, scholarly, dull, clever and often rank with coarse suggestion, has been put forth to supply this sudden demand. Countless undergraduates, and young girls, almost every woman, indeed, who needs money, and who, twenty years ago, would have trimmed bonnets to make it, now eagerly throw off a novel. Indeed so enormous is the demand for fiction that agencies advertise to "teach novel writing by mail."

This host of eager, undisciplined readers prefer books which show the labor spent on them, and which are coarsely flavored. The goal in the gallery wants his fun, quarter's worth of it, and passes it he has no use for Terry's joyous real laugh or Duse's real tears. Mrs. Ward's carefully compounded wanwerk show a leg selected here, a pass on there—this trait posed in front that emotion placed at the back, all working hopelessly on a proper end, is to an irresistible crank with not a single drop of red blood in the whole composition, naturally won the applause of this public.

Mrs. Rhys' story would not attract them. It is a simple natural relation of the life of the Celt, with all its innocence and its brutality. The book is as much an outgrowth of Nature as the gorse on an Irish hill or the brush which is hiding among it. It is as true to you as are the things of your own life. There is no skilled workmanship in it. Mrs. Ward incessantly flourishes her tools before

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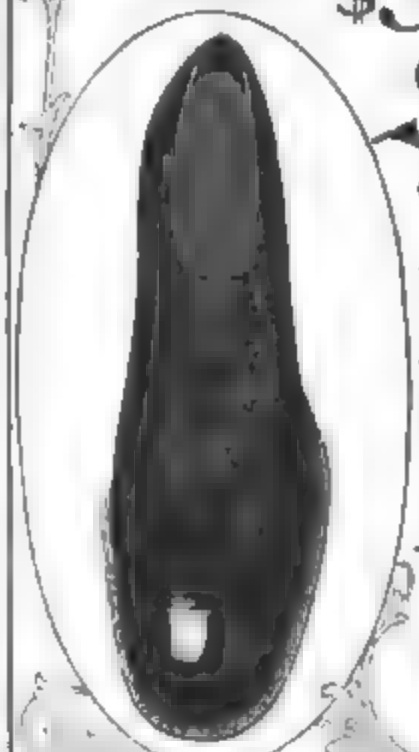

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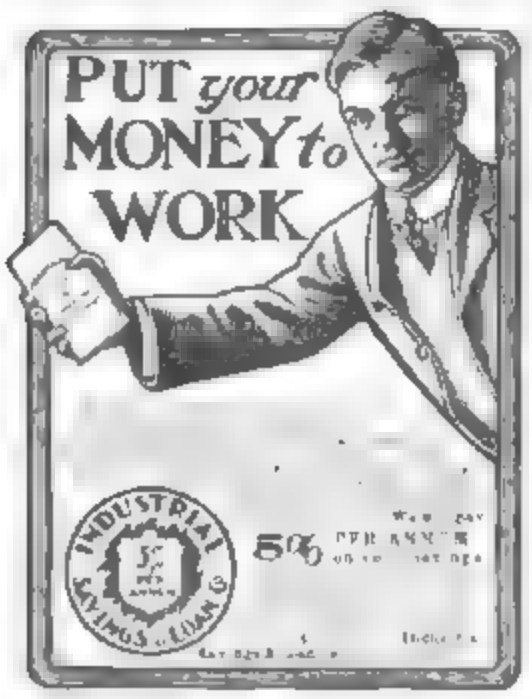

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Mrs. Ward is a careful artist but Mrs. Rhys has a breath in her of that intangible creative force which we call genius.

Two queer little volumes on my table are genuine race books—the only ones in which our red Indians have uttered themselves. One, The Middle Five *(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston)*, is the portrait in words of the Indian boy. It was done by Francis La Flesche, a son of the great chief Estamahza. La Flesche is an educated Indian. He writes vivid, picturesque English, and shows us the habits, the religion and the domestic life of the Omaha before he was brought under white training. The book is like no other printed in English. It is cheerful, even amusing, a true story written of boys for boys. But it is like the chant of the old chief who has heard the tap of the drum with which Death calls him. He tells us his life, of what he was and what he did, and he knows that when his chant is ended the memory of him and of his life will perish forever from off the earth.

The other book Oo-mah-hah Ta-wah-thah, is a thin little yellow volume, printed on a private press in Lincoln, Nebraska. A white woman has edited it and a white man has inserted some poems of his own making upon divers subjects, but between these inanities are a few papers by native Indians which open to us the life and the character of the red man as we find them nowhere else. We, the pale-faced newcomers, have been content to accept the only native American as Fenimore Cooper imagined and gave him to us—a bloodthirsty savage, alternately ranting like the hero of a cheap melodrama and murdering Christian women and children. Of the original grave, thoughtful owners of the continent, the families who dwelt on the same land for centuries, who trained their children up to habits of kindness, of high-bred courtesy, of reverence for the old and of obedience to the Great Spirit—we know absolutely nothing. This little book brings us face to face with them. Insh-ta-theamba, the Omaha girl who, as our readers may remember, pleaded the cause of the Ponca tribe in the East in Washington, and won it twenty years ago, tells some of the secret tribal legends.

Mr. Zangwill's books are often criticised as being so thoroughly imbued with his tribal qualities that they are more correct pictures of Jewish nature than of human nature. They undoubtedly are race books. Before you have read a half-dozen pages in one of them you wonder to which of the great tribes of Israel he belongs. He is proudly and passionately, in every line, a Hebrew of the Hebrews. And yet, as he sets forth his people and their cause, both they and it lose dignity in your eyes.

It may be that Mr. Zangwill has a tenderer sympathy with the low, downtrodden classes of his people than with those who sit all day in the sun, but it is a fact that after you have read one of his books or listened to one of his plays your sympathy has gone to the sharp peddler with his tray or the Yiddish pawnbroker round the corner. Isaiah or St. John, Beethoven or Montefiore are not in your thoughts.

There is in one of the Psalms a few words, the complaint of a captive Hebrew, an exile by the waters of Babylon, driven mad by his tormentors. His cry has rung through centuries. It has made clear to all the world the genius, the tenderness, the passion and the vindictiveness of his people.

The character of the Negroes is, perhaps, the most picturesque among us, as the conditions of their lives just now are without doubt the most dramatic. But they have not yet found their own voice. Booker Washington's fervid eloquence is guided by the white blood in him. It is incarnate common sense and energy. The educated Negroes who make literature their business have so far copied conventional models in expressing themselves. They are, as yet, too self-conscious to let their black blood speak its [illegible] message. The Negro who will some day give [illegible] to his race [illegible] slavery, its power to [illegible] and its [illegible] will take a place in the foremost rank of men.

—*Rebecca Harding Davis.*

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ANY lively boy is apt to keep his mother "guessing" when school closes. Edward Bower Hesser, of New York City, is one of that sort. His mother heard of a neighbor's boy who kept out of mischief by selling THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and wrote for information. Ned has an eye for business and sold the first ten copies easily. He is only ten years old, but within a few weeks had a list of over 100 customers. He not only sold during vacation, but has done so for over a year without missing a single week.

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One gentleman "captured" by Ned's plan is the vice-president of one of the largest insurance companies in New York City. He wrote to the publishers: "Can you tell me the name and address of a boy to whom I gave an order for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST a few days ago? There is a position with this company waiting for him whenever he wants it."

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ROCHESTER, N.Y.
Business When you come to think about going away to school send for Catalogue of the Leading Business and Shorthand School.

A Non-Union Town

(Continued from Page 5)

V

IT WAS the next morning before McCurtin knew that he was McCurtin; when consciousness awoke, and memory with it, he recognized Paulina sitting watchfully at the bedside in his dingy room in the hotel, and then he remembered what had happened. His lips moved as if to speak, but Paulina put a prohibitory finger over her mouth. He lay thus, in a semi-conscious sort of a condition, for the better part of a week.

When the doctor hinted that the promoter would be well enough within five or six days to go wherever he wished, the directorate of the Company became more restless and impatient than McCurtin himself. They put their heads together and resolved to pay the plutocrat a visit, chiefly, but by no means, condolatory. McCurtin sent down immediate word that, much to his regret, he was too ill to receive visitors or to discuss business.

They resorted to letter-writing next. McCurtin wrote a line or so by way of response, saying that the precarious condition of his health would not allow him to consider financial matters for a long time to come, if ever again. The organizer recognized, with the slow ebb of his vitality, that the longer he stayed in Waterloo the more would he jeopardize his neck and the quicker he got out of it the more would he endanger his health. Nevertheless, the second was of absolutely no use without the first; and he came to the conclusion, naturally enough, that it would be wiser to risk his health than his neck. He resolved, despite the doctor's advice, to leave town on the morrow.

He took Paulina into his confidence. Paulina, on hearing the news, burst into tears; and her lover, looking extremely sad and grave, said that he would cry himself if his manhood could tolerate the indignity of giving way to tears.

"Then — why — don't — you stay?" she sobbed out.

"But why don't you go with me?" he pleaded.

"My father wouldn't allow it," she blurted out.

"If I marry you to-night, Paulina, your father will have nothing to say about it in the morning."

"We might ask his permission first," she pleaded timidly and with only half a heart.

"It would be better, according to my way of thinking," he answered, "to get married first and to ask for permission afterward."

The argument ended, as Paulina's intuition told her it would, by a visit to the parson, followed by another to her father a few minutes thereafter.

The cigar-maker was jubilant. The frightened girl had expected an upbraiding, but instead she received a most rousing welcome. Rosenkranz saw the steam automobile tearing down streets paved with gold, his daughter and the promoter in the front seat. He himself was content to sit in the rear. He begged the privilege of spreading the good news broadcast throughout the town. They enjoined secrecy for another day or two.

Paulina was for an immediate and contrite disillusionment of her father concerning his belief in his newly-found son-in-law's wealth; but her husband forbade, declaring that there was always time enough to tell bad news and a letter was preferable to word of mouth.

VI

THE train that was to carry McCurtin and his happy bride to Chicago curved slowly around the track toward the rude platform of the unimportant junction. Rosenkranz grasped Hugh's hand warmly for the last farewell and detached himself in time to give his daughter an affectionate embrace.

Paulina waved her handkerchief from the steps of the car as the engine puffed out a deep white breath and started its wheels in motion toward Chicago again.

"Well, Rosenkranz," shouted McCurtin from the car, "you see I succeeded in getting one to join the union, after all."

"How vas dot?" he shouted his question in reply.

The train pulled out of sight; his query was beyond McCurtin's hearing. The puzzled father-in-law trod along the rough boards of the station platform, his head bent, his hands crossed behind his back, muttering to himself:

"Dot feller alvays speaks von de unions, alvays von de unions."

Why Ad. Writing Pays

Incomes from $100 to $500 a Month Through Mail Instruction

Enormous Gains in Advertising Expenditures Breaking All Records

By GEORGE H. POWELL

THE readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST who have read about advertising as a money-making business, especially the articles by Paul Latzke, have, in many cases, been surprised at the rapid growth of this new vocation, although they have realized in a way that the magazines and newspapers are constantly increasing their space devoted to publicity.

Just how rapidly this increase is going on may be fairly judged by an examination of the many local and national periodicals of to-day and of a year or two ago.

Magazines and mail order journals have in numberless instances greatly increased their advertising departments, while the dailies are carrying far more advertising than ever, the latest report of the New York World just laid on my desk showing that this paper during the month of May last increased 443¼ columns of advertising over May, 1902!

Of course it is not the enormous and continuous gain in advertising popularity alone that is wholly responsible. The great National increase in the country's manufacturing is also a factor which cannot be omitted from calculation. In the city of New York alone the annual increase in population exceeds 100,000, and in the Borough of Brooklyn experts declare that five years hence there will be scarcely a foot of available land for home building.

And throughout the country the population is increasing at a rapid rate. Since more population means more business, and more business means more advertising, the most accurate prophet cannot really know what the actual advertisement development will be any number of years hence.

That it can never be less is certain.

With commercial America increasing its advertising appropriation over $100,000,000.00 annually, and with new uses for publicity being discovered daily, it is impossible to comprehend one-half the possibilities of a twelvemonth.

The young man or woman who is thinking of learning the art of writing advertising will, in face of all the facts, cease to wonder when they hear of salaries and incomes ranging from $100.00 to $500.00 a month, and even more, for the picked workers.

Columns might be written showing why advertising is forging to the front in leaps and bounds, but this space forbids more than a mere reference.

To begin with, it has been fully demonstrated in every conclusive test that the retailer who advertises wisely is pretty sure to secure the best part of his competitor's trade, and in a like manner the manufacturer is marvelously successful or not according to his use of printer's ink and up-to-date publicity methods.

Never in the world's history has there been such a mighty money-making lever for moving business as good advertising, and single companies spending over a million dollars apiece for this one department are today nothing uncommon. Report, too, has it that a well-known advertiser has appropriated $2,500,000.00 for 1903 advertising, and this is undoubtedly but a pointer as to the drift of general advertising.

Business men have found out that advertising rightly done will accomplish results that ten years ago would have been deemed the vagaries of a disordered brain.

Today the commercial world is fast coming to a realization that $1,000.00 invested in modern advertising will return almost as much profit, and in many cases even more. To expend $50,000.00 or $100,000.00, or, indeed, any substantial sum in advertising, and establish a paying business within a year, is not only possible but it is being done constantly.

Briefly, the new advertiser can be almost immediately put next to winning methods, and competent advertising writers will take care of his copy and other details when he has not the time to attend to this himself, as is generally the case.

The lack of enough trained ad. writers, however, has compelled many a business man to take up correspondence instruction himself, or put one of his clerks under my tutelage. Hardly a day now elapses that I do not enroll some very prominent merchant for the specific purpose of learning how to branch out into wider fields.

Established wholesalers and retailers, and especially those who have private brands and seek more profits, realize the absolute necessity of modern advertising methods, and of my expert instruction. Another thing that has been developed within the past year only, is the establishment of advertising departments by wholesalers who can do no extensive newspaper advertising, but must rely on a few trade papers, booklets and an efficient follow-up system such as I teach. A large leather belting manufacturer of Worcester, Mass., whose application today for the assistance of one of my students, is representative of the class last referred to.

The demand for Powell graduates the coming fall is going to break all records, and even the approach of the hot weather does not seem to greatly retard it. Miss Lulu B. Clapp, whose portrait is shown above, is an example of a woman ad. writer thoroughly capable of doing splendid store advertising, while Mr. S. E. Seitner is representative of that class of young men who qualify and keep pushing on until success crowns their efforts.

That the Powell System of mail instruction can do so much for struggling people is amply demonstrated in my new and elegant Prospectus, which is the clearest treatise of the kind ever written. I will mail it free to all ambitious young men and women who wish to double their salaries, as well as to wide-awake business men. My address is George H. Powell, 10 Temple Court, New York, N. Y.

UNDERWOOD'S ORIGINAL

DEVILED HAM

The pure and delicate Deviled Ham, which has been on the market for years. Sugar-cured ham and fine, pure spices is all that we use. It is delicious for sandwiches, at lunch, picnic, or tea, and in the chafing-dish. It may be bought at any good grocers, but be sure you see on the can THE LITTLE RED DEVIL. There is only ONE Deviled Ham—**Underwood's Red Devil Brand.** All others are imitations, but imitations in name only, as the goods commonly labeled and sold as potted or deviled ham, made as they are from the odds and ends of the packing house, are no more like **Underwood's Original Ham** than chalk is like cheese. Our Book contains a lot of unique and practical receipts. We will send it **FREE.**

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

SPECIAL OFFER

During July and August only, we will give the first person answering this advertisement, from each town or city, a splendid opportunity to obtain the

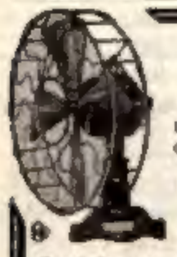
AMERICAN $40 TYPEWRITER,

a standard key-board, type-bar machine, capable of highest speed, at a special introductory cash price if THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is mentioned. Write us promptly.

We also have an attractive installment plan for those who wish to buy on monthly payments.

Responsible energetic agents wanted.

THE AMERICAN TYPEWRITER COMPANY
264 Broadway, New York City



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Send for catalog of fans, electrical supplies, gas engines, etc.

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cut this out, mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson with terms and twenty portraits of well-known newspaper artists and illustrators.

New York School of Caricature
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$25,000 made from one-half acre. The most valuable crop in the world. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth.

ROOTS AND SEEDS FOR SALE

Send four cents for postage and get Booklet A-R, which tells all about it.

McDOWELL GINSENG GARDEN, JOPLIN, MO., U. S. A.

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Stenography as It Should be Taught and as No Other Man Ever Taught It.

Students enrolling with this institution are placed under the direct personal instruction of Robert P. Rose. Our Book "*Progress in Shorthand*" mailed free. It tells everything.

PASE-DAVIS SHORTHAND SCHOOL
Suite 18, 90 Wabash Ave., Chicago

The "Best" Light

is a portable, 100 candle power light, costing only 2 cts. per week. Makes and burns its own gas. Brighter than electricity or acetylene, and cheaper than kerosene. **No Dirt. No Grease. No Odor.** Over 100 styles. Lighted instantly with a match. Every lamp warranted. **Agents Wanted Everywhere.**

THE "BEST" LIGHT COMPANY
5-25 E. 5th Street, CANTON, OHIO

THE CALL OF THE WILD

(*Continued from Page 11*)

offered to trade them a few pounds of frozen horsehide for the Colt's revolver that kept the big hunting-knife company at Hal's hip. A poor substitute for food was this hide, just as it had been stripped from the starved horses of the cattlemen six months back. In its frozen state it was more like strips of galvanized iron, and when a dog wrestled it into his stomach it thawed into thin and innutritious leathery strings and into a mass of short hair, irritating and indigestible.

And through it all Buck staggered along at the head of the team as in a nightmare. He pulled when he could; when he could no longer pull he fell down and remained down till blows from whip or club drove him to his feet again. All the stiffness and gloss had gone out of his beautiful furry coat. The hair hung down, limp and draggled, or matted with dried blood where Hal's club had bruised him. His muscles had wasted away to knotty strings, and the flesh-pads had disappeared, so that each rib and every bone in his frame was outlined cleanly through the loose hide wrinkled in folds of emptiness. It was heart-breaking, only Buck's heart was unbreakable. The man in the red sweater had proved that.

As it was with Buck, so was it with his mates. They were perambulating skeletons. There were seven altogether, including him. In their very great misery they had become insensible to the bite of the lash or the bruise of the club. The pain of the beating was dull and distant, just as the things their eyes saw and their ears heard seemed dull and distant. They were not half living, or quarter living. They were simply so many bags of bones in which sparks of life fluttered faintly. When a halt was made they dropped down in the traces like dead dogs, and the spark dimmed and paled and seemed to go out. And when the club or whip fell upon them the spark fluttered feebly up and they tottered on.

There came a day when Billee, the good-natured, fell and could not rise. Hal had traded off his revolver, so he took the ax and knocked Billee on the head as he lay in the traces, then cut the carcass out of the harness and dragged it to one side. Buck saw, and his mates saw, and they knew that this thing was very close to them. On the next day Koona went, and but five of them remained—Jo, too far gone to be malignant; Pike, crippled and limping, only half conscious and not conscious enough longer to malinger; Sol-leks, the one-eyed, still faithful to the toil of trace and trail, and mournful in that he had so little strength with which to pull; Teek, who had not traveled so far that winter and who was now beaten more than the others because he was fresher; and Buck, still at the head of the team, but no longer enforcing discipline or striving to enforce it, blind with weakness, and keeping the trail by the loom of it and by the dim feel of his feet.

It was beautiful spring weather, but neither dogs nor humans were aware of it. Each day the sun rose earlier and set later. It was dawn by three in the morning, and twilight lingered till nine at night. The whole long day was a blaze of sunshine. The ghostly winter silence had given way to the great spring murmur of awakening life. This murmur arose from all the land, fraught with the joy of living. It came from the things that lived and moved again, things which had been as dead and which had not moved during the long months of frost. The sap was rising in the pines. The willows and aspens were bursting out in young buds. Shrubs and vines were putting on fresh garbs of green. Crickets sang in the nights, and in the days all manner of creeping, crawling things rustled forth into the sun. Partridges and woodpeckers were booming and knocking in the forest. Squirrels were chattering, birds singing, and overhead honked the wild-fowl driving up from the south in cunning wedges that split the air. From every hillslope came the trickle of running water, the music of unseen fountains. All things were thawing, bending, snapping. The Yukon was straining to break loose the ice that bound it down. It ate away from beneath; the sun ate from above. Air-holes formed, fissures sprang and spread apart, while thin sections of ice fell through bodily into the river. And amid all this bursting, rending, throbbing of awakening life, under the blazing sun and through the soft, sighing breezes, like wayfarers to death staggered the two men, the woman, and the huskies.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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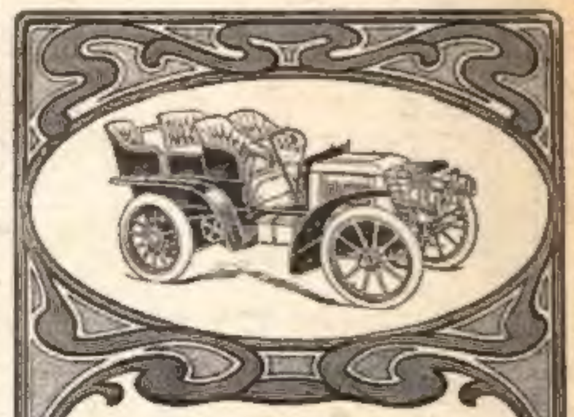

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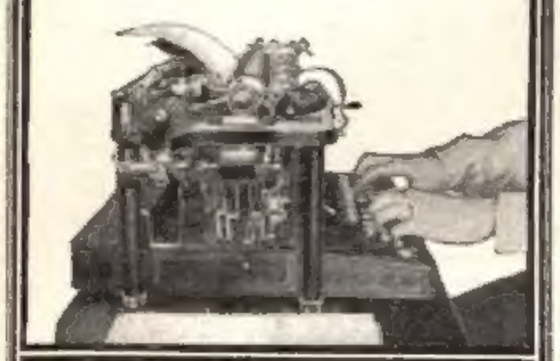

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Drink it for its delicious, health-giving qualities. Welch's is pure.

It is easy to get the best if you ask your druggist or grocer for WELCH'S. 3-oz. bottle by mail 10 cts. Booklet with recipes free.

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